

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. LVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1861.

No. 5.

SERVILE INSURRECTION.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

AND now the war is coming upon us in tremendous earnest. The gale of marching myriads has long sounded in our ears, the pattering of bullet-drops is not strange to us — we only wait the blinding flash of lightning and the crashing thunder-roar which tell that the whole North, roused to *fury*, has been impelled to the inevitable Extreme which alone can clear the atmosphere of its fearful foulness. In God's name — let it go! We are ready.

The leading journals of the country, taking their cue from the bolder minds who were first to 'master the situation' and fearlessly proclaim the Inevitable Result toward which we are drifting, are beginning to counsel a freer and stronger policy on the part of Government and of the public. People are breathing more boldly and breaking their old bonds of cant and prejudice with the all-smashing hammer of *facts*. Timidity, gabble and gammon are at a discount, and the old fear of 'abolition' and of 'exasperating the South,' seems to sensible men the paltry phantom of a 'screeching ghostliness,' which, in popular parlance, is 'about played out.' In the West, Fremont the Path-finder has cut the Gordian knot with a rip and a slash which went with a thrill of joy to every heart. In the East, L.L.D Russell, who is rapidly learning a thing or two, proclaims most intelligently that 'for good or for evil, the issue between North and South is rapidly approaching to that which the South predicted and feared and the North at first disavowed and does not now altogether accept: the struggle if it continues will be narrowed to a strife between slavery and abolition.' And as it becomes apparent to every one, that whoever wins or loses, *the thing has gone too far now to admit of any other than an emancipative solution* — people are becoming really astonished to find how easily their minds expand to great truths and a new status. When we shall *all* have become daring enough and great-minded enough to see this struggle and its result free from all old party prejudices, then it will be 'all up with the South.'

VOL. LVIII.

25

Let us try to master the situation — see things *as they are*, without wandering off to side-issues. It may be, that long before these lines meet the eye of the reader, a terrible battle will have been fought, and cries of joy or woe have rung over the land. But the end will not be yet. Government may have followed public opinion up to the point of freeing the slaves of rebels. But the end will not be yet. Government may go further still, and with a righteous besom of wrath sweep the Curse out of the Border Tobacco States and leave them free to take rank among civilized countries. But the end will not be yet. It *might* be here, if the South chose. Just where they now stand an apocalyptic heaven flash of common-sense — a miracle — *might* by inducing the South to implore peace and go home to a 'Slaveownia,' reduced to Cotton-dom, avert the stupendous disaster which now hangs over them. But dark, dreadful, damnable, I see the Inevitable Horror — awful to me as to the South — creeping up sluggishly from the swampy poison-land — the dim devil-spectre of SERVILE REBELLION!

When Emancipation for the sake of the White Man, and *not* of the Negro, and *not* on 'abolition' grounds, was first urged in these pages, it was received with incredulity and objection from vigorous minds of *all* sides. Since then it has been freely discussed as a national measure and as an inevitable Expediency. If *promptly* acted on, in connection with certain other war-measures, it may even yet — nay, very probably will — serve to settle the great problem. But the action must be very prompt, nay, more, it must be executed in connection with certain other administrative and military measures, the whole requiring a comprehensive and *energetic* talent of the very highest, nay, of the most unusual nature — on the part of Government.

That Emancipation will be a terrible weapon against the South, no one doubts. Within two days' foot-travel of Mason and Dixon's Line are nearly one million blacks! Suppose Canada brought down to Mason and Dixon's — as it has been effectually for some years to a few thousand negroes in Delaware and Maryland — and many more than a million will become as Delaware slaves now are, practically more than half-free. A Delaware slave, who lives within an afternoon's run of the Underground Railroad is treated like a white farm-laborer, and is a very different person from a Virginia 'field-hand.' That he is insolent, lazy and miserable, is nothing to the purpose. That he is inferior to a white servant, is nothing to the purpose. If their masters prefer them, let them. But there should be no robbery of Union-loving slaveholders on the Border. Pay such men for their slaves, exacting the strongest guarantees of their fidelity. The debt will be enormous, I doubt not. But a more effective means of building up a Union party in the South does not exist. Those who wish to be *paid* for their chattels will at once stand opposed to the rest, *and a Union party be formed*. Let this be remembered. Let the payments be like those now made in the South for large transfers of slaves, *in instalments*, the subsequents to be contingent, in our bargain, on good conduct on the part of those to whom they are due. Those who will not sell their slaves to Government will, in all probability, at once send them down to Cotton-dom, which will, by getting them cheap, have yet another laugh on their Tobacco-Border

dupes. Let the tiger-cat's paw be by this method amputated, and we need have no fear of the old Cotton cat. There, down in their rattle-snake and yellow-fever realm, the 'élite' may plan and plot Mexican conquests forever. Since the war begun, thousands of slaves have already been sent further South to avoid their total loss. The numbers which would be sent after them in case of a declaration of Emancipation would materially diminish the amount which we should be called upon to pay for the remainder.

But as ninety-nine Southerners in a hundred, when one speaks of free-labor on plantations, begin at once to talk about *rice*-fields, just so do many Northerners, when Emancipation is proposed, begin with a doleful cry as to what shall be done with one or two, or say three million free blacks? In HEAVEN'S name, can nobody rise above the consideration of the welfare of two or three million *negroes* when the dignity and prosperity of twenty or thirty millions of WHITE MEN are at stake!! Just now there are in the South four million negroes who degrade, provincialize and vulgarize thrice their number of whites, while they are a curse and a torment to twenty million of the most advanced of white men in the North. A pretty scruple of conscience this, and a nice donkey side-gate to strain at, while we make no bones of the great camel portal of a war! But the free blacks will starve! Well, *let* them starve! Better that than starvation for all of us. Do you believe, potterer and dough-face, that the South is going to *turn back*! As well expect the roaring tornado to turn back from its course. But really there will not be any starvation or un-manageability in the case. White labor will flow in, scattered here and there even a few millions of lazy, miserable blacks will vanish—as they have done in the city of New-York. The day of emancipation will be the beginning of the salvation of Virginia, a State which should, and shall yet be, as glorious in prosperity as she is beautiful by nature, and has been eminent in history. From the day in which the filthy curse of Slavery is removed from her, her land will rise twenty per cent per annum. Mark the prophecy. I know now of more than one Virginia land-holder who has urged this war on because he foresees its *inevitable* termination, and in it his own augmented prosperity.

I call this the *inevitable* termination, because I see that every victory, either of the North or the South, portends increased exasperation, and an approach to Emancipation. The Fugitive Slave Law is dead as a door-nail, and the coming results of its death are plain to every one. But unless we give in to this fact, nay, even if we proclaim Emancipation, as we *shall*, and unless the North speedily coöperate with the South to settle the trouble, I see a storm rising which may yet settle every thing with fire and blood. I have spoken: I mean Servile Insurrection. While we are fighting, strangling, ravaging, and starving on the Border, the devil is raising his head away down South in Dixie. It is not the petty knowledge of the daily habits of the black which in such tremendous times as these can avail to prevent the comprehension of a great, unavoidable, horrible truth. No use to tell me that Joe and Cuff and Yellow Bob are going to fight along with old Master. You fools! Do not you yourselves say that the negro is a mere grown child, an inferior animal, a black blunderhead, given to impulse? Well, I do not deny it. But by the Power of

Vengeance, if he *is* so, look out for yourselves ! Are there not in Carolina, as in Guinea, here and there on every large plantation, what you call 'tonguey niggers' ? Is this great black mass entirely without leaven ? Does it not sweep into wars, revolts, and Satan's own carnivals even in Africa ? Will not some 'tonguey nigger' here and there, some fine day, start some mad Obeah notion ; some crazed blood-and-bones, half-Methodist, half-African frenzy, which will go rolling on like a wave over the fire-sea of an inferno ? Just at present they have caught up your military anti-Northern frenzy. Do you not think that your own madness will pass over to them, and take a *negro* form ? A gang of monkeys know enough for such hideous pranks ; when a thousand negroes find in one spot that they are too strong for the home-guard, then the gunpowder goes !

Could I speak to the South, I would implore them to avert this demon's drama. I contemplate it with a fear and awe which would counsel *any* measure, however desperate, to avert it. Of late weeks information from those now most practically familiar with the state of the plantations in Cotton-dom, has poured into me — *not* from Abolitionists — and the blackness of desolation which the calmest view *must* take from such facts is terrific. It is not that an overseer has been murdered here, or a gang been refractory there ; it is the *suppressed conviction* in so many intelligent Southern minds of *WHAT IS COMING*, which awes me. Woe, woe, woe to the South ! When the whole intelligent white mind of a Continent is rolling in convulsions, tearing up society to its roots, overwhelming fortunes, ways of life, *lives*, turning priests to warriors, women to men ; can it be expected that the fierce, half-animal, vindictive negro will escape ? Happy ! Yes, he *is* happy — as a gorilla in a cocoa-nut tree. And the gorilla, when he is 'mad,' drives the lion and tiger before him, just as the wild blacks of San-Domingo overwhelmed superior numbers of the old French troops, whose mustaches had grown gray in the wars of the Republic.

Woe, woe, woe to the South ! Do you think, Southerners, that *these* are hard times ! Wait and you shall see such disaster as humanity never dreamed of, not when Goth or Vandal ravaged Rome. May God avert it ! but I cannot forget that there is a God, and that years of such fearful insolence of oppression and of outrageous sneers at the very ground-principles of humanity, as taught by JESUS CHRIST, must call for some expiation. O my countrymen all ! for the love of that God, forget something of these past wrongs, and *act quickly and promptly*. In mercy to the South, and for the credit of our common humanity, rally and prevent this coming evil. Limit it by Emancipation, abridge it by the most strenuous and energetic measures in war. For their own sakes, as well as ours, conquer the South speedily. Strike, strike furiously, by land and sea. Fast and deep — cut and scarify — capture every sea-board town, at any and every sacrifice ; hold to the West, pour down your legions from the North, pour in your millions of money — all that a man hath will he give for his life — ah ! yes, and if he had fairly *slain* a brother in battle, even as much to bring that brother back again to life.

Woe, woe, woe unutterable to the South unless its career be speedily

checked! Of all the curses ever dreamed of, its victories over the North will be the cursedest. When this bloody drama first swept on, I prayed and hoped for Northern success as an impulse to the holy cause of free labor and of Progress. But now I await it in agony as the preventive to such a diabolical disaster as will rend the heart even of an enemy, and make Christendom stand aghast. *Act*, men of the North — come down by millions — pour out blood and gold — do any thing, *every thing* to avert these horrors. Strengthen the brave McCLELLAN — let your press and your orators urge Border State Emancipation as the greatest public measure; let there be waves on waves of fresh enthusiasm for the war; be fierce and wild if you will, for verily if you are to have a father-land united and free from the greatest horror of history, nothing less will save you. And you, O women of the North! regard this crisis with your dear womens' hearts in its deepest home significance. If you would see peace, aid war. The more you urge and aid now, the sooner will you have the dear ones again with you. But oh! above all, remember that for the sake of your foes themselves, you should do all in your power to overcome them. It is but the subduing of a delirious patient for his own good.

Woe, woe to the South! Not by my will, not by thine, but by that of a terrible avenging Destiny. Ah! there is good cause to fear that all is well-nigh too late. The supine, dilly-dallying, palliative course which our Government once pursued, is now bearing its crop of curses thick and fast. He who saw in a vision Hell uncovered, and the fiends streaming on in dense torrent toward the doomed city, saw nothing more horrible than what clear, impartial, common-sense sees sweeping toward the devoted South-land. Let those who wonder at the fearful majesty of the Fate of the old Greek drama, which rolled in solemn horror down over the doomed generations under a mythic malediction, now look upon a greater and more stupendous catastrophe than Æschylus ever dreamed of. Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed. But *what* murder is here meant? I tell you that there is a deeper murder than that of the body — the slaughter of the soul, the crushing down of human dignity, the reviling of FREE LABOR, the preaching of Mud-Sill doctrines, the sneering at poor humble toil, the mocking of white serfs, the crushing out of poor sufferers in the social scale, the breaking utterly of those whom God has already bruised. *This* is the murder spoken of, *this* is what JESUS CHRIST, the first great *democrat* — I speak in all reverence — spoke against and died for. In every form, theoretically and literally, you have for an age practised this art of murder on your slaves at home, and not less bitterly, when you dared, on us, who were allied to you. Your legislators treated ours as the representatives of menials and mechanics. Your whole word and work from alpha to omega, was a cursing of the poor. *The poor!* His children, your humble, lowly brothers! Did you see no storm gathering slowly far in the distance? Had you no faith in the awful and mysterious Law of Nature as of God, which brings all at last to a level? Know you no compensation? Now the hour has come.

Not but that we too of the North have sinned, and are to have some punishment. Merchandising to the swallowing up of the soul; dollar-hunting even

to a proverb; out Jew-ing the Jew, and shaming the Gentile; displaying the shallowest and most pretentious Pharisaism; forgetting the Beautiful in mere Mammoned ostentation; suffering all possible scoundrelism in the councils of every city; defiling every legislative body with a lobby; knowing and suffering justice to become such a mockery, as it has been and *is* in this very New-York; tolerating officials who should grace the gallows; smiling tolerantly on open humbug; encouraging journals to become common sewers; making divinities of apes, knaves, and fat-headed Philistines, who had piled together fortunes; elevating any 'popular' demagogue above men gifted with pure genius — all of these, my friends, form a black bead-roll, and for these you must suffer. There must be a thunder-storm to clear the air; thank God, this war is rapidly enough raising your minds to a higher standard, and inspiring you with great and noble ideas. But of the *great* sin I acquit you; you have not depreciated LABOR, nor cursed the poor. *There* your hands are the cleanest in the world, and for that I love you. No boy, however wretched or humble, has been without a chance among you to rise as high as the highest. For that, God bless you! In the shallowest, vainest, most would-be-aristocratic society of your cities, there is more tenderness toward misfortune, and less blunt allusion to 'inferiors,' than can be found elsewhere in the world. You do n't talk of a *canaille* or of 'mud-sills,' and it is no flattery to call you both great and good-hearted. For all that, God bless you! You have given the widest scope to new inventions, new projects, new theories, new plans of every sort, size, shape and color, like good, brave, enterprising fellows, as you are; and nobody is regarded by you as less of a gentleman, or F. F., because he has invented an apple-paring machine, or a patent mouse-trap. You have over-reached your brother, and 'done' him very frequently on a trade in a most shameful manner; but you have not outlawed or trampled on him, and slain his soul for very malevolence; on the contrary, you have with the greatest good will 'set him up again,' and borne it with great philosophy when he treated you in like manner. As you have sinned, so shall you be punished in the storm of wrath now raging around us. And as you have done well, so shall you be rewarded when it passes away.

But woe, woe, woe unto the South in that storm, unless by a miracle they escape its horrors! Suppose them victors over us — suppose them masters of Maryland and Washington, and what you will. Will *that* conciliate into inert submission twenty millions of stubborn Northerners, who have thus far been stimulated more by reverses than by success? Why, our whole industrious lives are but one *conquering of adversities*, and struggling with difficulties. Life, which flows away as a river in Dream-land with all of you Southrons, is a fight and a wrestle with Fortune for nearly all of us; and when it is not so we *make* it such. When a Yankee turns boot-black, and gives up forever because he has had a note protested, then and not till then will he give up the idea of warring on you. Woe, woe, woe! Do you not know that the 'fanaticism' of the North is now only just *beginning* to kindle? Do you know what your own overwhelming enthusiasm is? I will tell you. It is the vindictive hatred of a race inferior in many things, and absurdly vain of its superiority

in a few gifts toward another which is greater in almost every thing which constitutes real *superiority* in this age. *That* is your enthusiasm—a hatred as malignant as that of a lashed slave. Do you think that your chances will be better when a hatred quite as bitter, and ten times more stubborn, rages all through our twenty millions! ‘But we of the North always hated you.’ We did not. When this war broke out there was not one Northern man in a hundred who would not have gladly left you in peace with your slaves, to do what you pleased forever, South of the isothermal line. The present Administration would have only been too glad to let you alone, and have protected you with all its armies. But you *would not* know the truth, you teased your fancied sore, you fed yourselves fat and foul with lies, you sowed the wind—and you must reap the whirlwind!

The end is not yet. But we are at the beginning thereof. Through fire and smoke, cannon-thunder and the wail of myriads, we see greater convulsions, but still we know what must come, and are conscious of our own strength to take us through. Bear one fact in mind, the whole country has ere this determined that as a preliminary, *Slavery in the Border States must be destroyed!*

L O V E - S O N G .

TRANSLATED FROM THE TURKISH OF AALI EFFENDI.

BY JOHN P. BROWN.

‘Ay! Shah i Shahan,
Ay! Noor i Yezdan,
Tahtindi var al
Feriman i Shadan.’

O QUEEN of all Sovereigns!
O Light of all Lands!
Ascend thy proud throne,
Make known thy commands:
All the world will obey thee,
Let it know but thy will;
Thy subjects adore thee,
As bound by a spell:
Like an artist-drawn spirit,
Like a star from the sky,
’Tis thy beauty enchants them,
As the moon from on high.
The tongue speaks thy praises,
Hearts echo the sound,
Both are pierced by thy beauty,
Yet are proud of the wound.
As the rose-garden gladdens
The sad lover of Art,
So thy presence, O fair one!
Gives Spring to each heart.

Constantinople, April 10th, 1861.

THREE NIGHTS IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY J. WARREN NEWCOMB, JR.

I do not pretend to give, in my rendering of the following strange story, either the manner or the language in which my friend related it as we sat through the long night, he speaking and I listening. I cannot reproduce his manner. I have forgotten his words. I tell the tale in the first person, because that form of narrative gives more effect to its horrible features, and the horror that is in it constitutes, to my mind, its chief value and interest. As for its truth, I can only vouch for my friend's ordinary and usual accuracy of statement. Here is his story :

Several years since, just after Death had been fearfully busy in our family, sundering tie after tie, and leaving this world almost too dismal for existence, my only remaining sister and I resolved to leave New-York for a time, and to seek in the far country that peace of which familiar sights and sounds deprived us. We sought neither fashionable watering-place nor crowded mountain-tops, but rather some secluded village, where there were none to know or disturb us, and where we might possibly gather our shattered lives together again and prepare for the work of the world that still lay in the long track of the life-pilgrimage before us.

With this intent I went to Vermont, and pursuing my search with little other purpose than a vague longing for retirement, selected as our abiding-place a small village, hemmed in by mountains, and silent, save what babble was made by a stream that ran darkly and furiously down between rocky borders. On every hand, beyond the narrow valley, a giant growth of pines frowned upon the place, and above the pines there stood up against the sky rugged and gray rocks, around which in times of tempest the lightnings seemed to play as by right. It was a dreary place, that seemed to have been overlooked and forgotten by the great world without.

'This,' I said, 'is the place we seek. In its strange apathy and silence we will sleep away the sorrow that possesses us !' The very air and spirit of the spot were akin to my feelings and my grief.

I learned that there was a house to let a short distance from the long street that formed the village. This house had been some time without a tenant, and was to be had at a low rent. Finding the agent for the property, I learned that the owner resided in a distant State, and that the building, though somewhat out of repair, could readily be put in a habitable condition. With the agent I walked up the avenue leading to the mansion, to ascertain by personal examination whether his tale were all exaggeration. I found a high, square, red brick building of two and a half stories, standing in the midst of a waste of overgrown, neglected lawn and garden, with a few shambling out-houses in the rear. The fences had fallen to decay ; there were no blinds to the tall and nar-

row windows; no cornice to relieve the bare and blank aspect of the walls. The chimneys stood up stiff and straight, with no warmth of homely smoke rising from their black throats; all was desolate, dreary and uninviting. Still, the house had an air of faded respectability, and seemed to wear even its thread-bare decay with a certain pride. It was like some men we see — poor fellows in mouldy and ragged clothing who 'have seen better days.' 'It cost more to build it,' the agent said, 'than any two houses in town.'

'It is just the place,' I thought; 'my soul is in unison with its desolation and decay.' As we stood gazing up at its exterior, a solitary crow flapped slowly overhead, and turning its eyes down upon us, gave one cracked and doleful croak, and then passed on.

We entered the building, and passed through it from cellar to garret. It had once been a fine house. The rooms were high, the hall broad, the stairs of easy ascent. In the kitchen was a wide and deep fire-place, in which hung an old-fashioned iron 'crane.' The last occupants had left behind them a broad, high-backed settle, upon which doubtless, in years gone by, there had been no little tender love-making. The hearth-stone was a large slab of white marble. I noticed it particularly on account of an unsightly crack across its centre.

Beside the kitchen, there were, on the lower floor, a large dining-room, two parlors with folding-doors, and a room opening into both kitchen and hall, in the rear of the dining-room, which, though small, would accommodate my desk, a study-table, and the few books I should bring with me. This room opened into the hall directly at the foot of the broad stair-way.

Through the centre of the house, from front to rear, ran the hall, and the solid stair-case, with a heavy mahogany balustrade, rose evenly and gently to the second story. The rooms on the second floor corresponded in size and position to those below, and there was over all a large and lofty garret, lighted by half-windows. One portion of this space was partitioned off, and it struck me that my guide slightly shuddered as he turned the key in the lock to the chamber thus formed. Indeed he had made a feeble attempt to ignore its existence, but I insisted upon seeing the entire house. There was nothing remarkable about the room, excepting a portrait in oil of a thin, dark-featured old man, that hung upon the wall. It was poorly done, and yet it had a certain life about it difficult to describe. You have met just such old men in the streets hundreds of times, I dare say, and passed them with an involuntary feeling of dislike and dread; some faces, after many years, gather so much of the Satanic in their expression.

'Who was that?' I asked.

'An old man who lived here years ago,' the agent said.

'Was he not insane?'

'I believe so,' the man said shortly, and then he rather hastily closed the door, and we descended to the ground floor.

The house was damp and mouldy from long disease. Dust was piled every where, and there was a silence not known to human habitations. We seemed, indeed, to be the only living things that had disturbed this deathly silence for long years. Even the spiders had died from want of prey, and their forsaken

webs fluttered tenantless in the corners, or hung from the ceilings in dingy and useless festoons.

Before we parted, I had hired this dismal house for a year. Several weeks were occupied in getting it into a habitable state, a feat finally accomplished by the agent, aided by half the old women in the village. Then we brought up such furniture as we needed for the kitchen, dining-room and study, and for three bed-rooms on the second floor, our maid-servant positively refusing to sleep in 'that lonesome garret.'

I consider it somewhat remarkable, that in all the time from my hiring the place to our finally moving into it, no one in the village had even so much as hinted that it was haunted, or given us a single clue to the awful mystery that hung around it. Some knowledge they had, I know, of the terrible tragedy long ago enacted there, although they were not acquainted with its entirety as I so fearfully became.

Do you believe in clairvoyance? in spiritualism? or in the power of the soul during sleep to receive intelligence denied to it while awake? Can you tell what sleep is; what dreams are, or in how much a life separate from the body is permitted to the soul, under certain circumstances, before death? Or how far disembodied spirits have the power to haunt old scenes and reproduce old actions, so that living men, influenced by the dead, shall say: 'The place is haunted'? The speculation is extensive, never-ending. Every man has read and heard of ghosts, witches and hobgoblins. Listen and you shall hear what befell me, living, breathing, sober and sceptical.

We entered our new home on a cold and gloomy Friday in November. The rain fell in torrents from the leaden clouds, and the wind soughed and moaned through the dreary pine forest. Naught was to be seen from the windows but dark mountains and dull sky, and within was little to cheer us by its contrast. Fires had been lighted in all the rooms. On the kitchen-hearth a great pile of logs roared defiance to the blast, and yet there was a certain cheerlessness and chilliness about the place that no artificial warmth seemed able to dispel. My sister Alice trembled and shivered as we entered, and when we sat together after tea, soberly discussing our simple plans for the year's life before us, she pressed close to my side, glancing timidly now and again about the room.

After she had placed a lamp upon my study-table and kindly taken down one or two old favorites from the book-case for my possible necessities, she turned to kiss me 'good night,' and placing a hand upon my shoulder, said in a low and fearful voice: 'Henry, what if the place is haunted!'

I had not thought of that before. What if it were? Well, we had no reason to fear the power of evil; of all others, my sister had least cause, and so I told her as cheerfully as I could. But still, after she was gone, the thought clung to me: 'What if the house *were* haunted!'

I banished the thought, and taking up a book, was soon lost in the quiet past. Thus I read until the kitchen clock had struck eleven, when I closed the volume, and passing up the stairs to my bed-room, was soon asleep.

It was singular that in my dream I should know that old man so well: a

hard-featured, mean-spirited, and thoroughly selfish wretch, with more intellect than feeling, and not too much of either. It was strange that I should so thoroughly, and yet so briefly, have knowledge of all his past life, all his petty meannesses, his lusts, his sordid selfishness. It was passing strange that I should become so incorporated into the very essence of his soul that I discerned even the minute gradations by which he changed from an innocent child to the evil thing I saw him. It will be fearful if, at the Day of Judgment, men's souls shall be so laid bare to the souls of other men!

This old man, in my dream, had saved and scraped together money, little by little, till at length his sole labor was to increase by usury and careful speculation the wealth he had amassed. He had a certain pride, too, and he built this gaunt, brick house and buried himself in it—buried himself with an ancient house-keeper as miserly as himself. From day to day this pair vegetated, unwholesome human fungi, dry and useless excrescences on life.

Vegetated thus, till there came one day a letter, edged with black, informing the miser that a very wealthy kinsman, dying a widower, had designated him as guardian to his only child and heiress. Thus it came that a dark-haired beauty glided, calm and self-possessed, into the mazes of my dream. She was haughty, and of a commanding presence, with large hands and feet, great length of limb, and an imperial bust. Fond of dress, of rich food, and, I fear, of wine. Not particularly given to lovers, too self-reliant and too proud for that.

They were an odd family, and it will seem strange to you that she should have desired to remain under her guardian's roof during even the few months that were wanting to her majority. It was not strange to me, though, who saw the pleasure she took in making the old man cringe before her haughtiness, and in humbling the pride of the ancient house-keeper.

I saw in my dream all the ward's scorn for the guardian; all the guardian's hatred of the ward. I saw, also, the glitter of his wicked eyes when her lovely arms wore bracelets heavier than common, or jewels of rare brilliancy flashed in her hair or heaved upon her bosom. As for the house-keeper, she loved and hated with her master. It was a pleasant household during those few months—a lovely household and cheerful to contemplate! So much so, that in the contemplation—with all the varying emotions of its members laid bare before me—I grew quite weary, and longed to recover the individuality I seemed to have strangely lost.

The months glided swiftly on, and the time for her final departure drew nigh. As it came nearer, I saw that the old man's eyes glittered more and more as he gazed at her, and that within his soul a dark and terrible purpose was beginning to be formed. I followed its growth, day by day, as in the French models one follows the chick, as, change after change, it progresses during incubation from the formless germ to the young bird that finally chips the shell. Thus there was growing in the miser's soul a dreadful form of evil. It took no step backward, but ever increased in outline and strength, until it grew ready for the hatching.

Presently the day came preceding that fixed upon for her departure. There was a strange and unusual gayety upon her that day. She laughed and sang

bits of songs as she tramped about the house. She had the step of a grenadier, this full-blown beauty, and never tripped daintily as slighter and more fairy-like women do.

As for the miser, he was a smouldering passion all the day. The chick in his breast was pecking at the shell, vigorous and ripe for the hatching. And the house-keeper, with a strange intuition of her master's purpose, hovered near him all day long, her face working with an agitation she strove in vain to control, and her nerves strung to the highest pitch of human endurance.

So the day passed. At dinner, and at the supper-table the heiress was in the fullest flow of spirits. She took a whim, too, to wear some of her most brilliant ornaments on this last day, and the rings on her fingers, the pendants in her ears, the brooch upon her bosom, shone with more than usual lustre. Fastened artfully in her hair, so that they only here and there peeped out from among the dark braids, was a string of large and perfect pearls. At all these things, and at the lovely woman who adorned them, the miser gazed with evil in his eyes, and the house-keeper silently nerved herself for what was to come.

So the day passed, and at night the maiden stood within her chamber completing her preparations for the morrow's journey. On the toilet-table beside her reposed the silver-bound casket in which she kept her jewelry. What she had worn that day lay with the rest, save only the pearls which still swam in the waves of her dark hair.

Thus far I dreamed, when a terrible night-mare took possession of me. I fancied two figures creeping through the night. From his chamber in the garret crawled the miser in stocking-footed stillness. He carried no light, but in one hand gleamed a long and cruel knife. From the cellar, where she had all the evening crouched like a venomous reptile, came the house-keeper. Beneath her apron she held fast to some heavy object. I knew that the steps of both were bent toward the chamber of the beautiful and unconscious girl.

My personal identity was now so far restored that I longed to fly to her and warn her of the danger, but I was bound by the horrible bonds of night-mare, and could stir neither hand nor foot. I felt, now, that this was all a dream, yet the cruel agony of witnessing that murderous approach upon innocence and beauty, without the power to avert the coming blow, drove me nearly frantic. I strained and tugged at the bonds of the demon who held me, and at length, with a cry that must have sounded far beyond the house, I awoke!

The damp, gray dawn was peering in at the windows. Dimly and half-awake—as I lay for a second or two motionless on my bed, the fearful passages of my last night's dream still fresh in my aching brain—I gazed with an unquiet apprehension about the chamber, half-expecting to see the tall and voluptuous beauty disrobing before the mirror. Then I remembered it was only a dream, and blessed God that it was so.

These emotions passed rapidly away, and I was soon aware of quick footsteps hurrying toward my chamber. Arising hastily, I slipped on my pantaloons and hastened to the door. My sister Alice stood there, her face very white and her hands crossed flutteringly on her bosom.

'Oh! what a shriek!' whispered she. 'Did you hear it, Henry? It

sounded so fearfully through the house. Oh! I know it's haunted! I am *sure* it's haunted!

'It was only I,' I said; 'I was troubled with an awful dream, and in breaking from it I cried out!'

'Oh! dear,' the poor girl whimpered, 'I am so afraid to stay here, I am indeed! It is so lonely and so gloomy. Hear how it rains; I do n't believe the sun ever shines here. Listen! what is that?'

'Nothing,' I said; 'I hear nothing.'

'Ah! well, but I heard it in the night. I lay awake and I heard something creeping, and creeping down the stair-way from the garret — I *know* I did! And then I felt that *it* was passing my door toward your chamber, and then came that horrid scream!'

What could I say but that the poor child, rendered nervous by her late griefs, was grown full of woman's fancies? What could I say but that it was nothing? This I said, but still Alice was not convinced. She was certain she had heard *something*, and that was sufficient to drive her half-crazy for the day.

After an early breakfast, for no one thought of sleep again that day, Bridget favored us with a lengthy address, on the subject of a banshee hereditary in her family. She concluded by stating that she was a poor orphan, with an old mother in Ireland, and that she could n't think of bringing trouble upon us along with the family ghost. After which she brought her trunk down to the lower hall and departed for the village.

I believed no more in ghosts before I entered that house than I did in a personal and substantial Devil, going up and down the world like a roaring lion; but this testimony, in addition to my strange dream, somewhat staggered me, and I caught myself repeating: 'What if the place *is* haunted!'

It made me nervous and unstable for a time; I could neither read, write, think nor converse. Bridget's sudden departure, entirely aside from our house-keeping and domestic arrangements, rendered the loneliness of the place yet more appalling.

Outside, the rain still fell with a heavy slant against the windows, and the sky was of the color of lead; within, the great fires still waged an unequal combat with the dampness and desolation of the rooms. Unable to bear up against the dreary influences of the scene, my sister Alice at length sat down in mute despair and gave herself up to a fit of silent weeping.

Fortunately, just when our spirits were at the lowest, a lumbering stage-coach drove up to the door, and my kind-hearted aunt Cherrystone clambered heavily out. Here was really and truly an acquisition. She had come, she said, to help set things to rights at our commencement at house-keeping, and she meant to stay with us a week, at least. That we were glad to see her, I need not say, and we quickly made her as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

She was a companionable and lively person usually, but even on her the blight of this cursed house seemed to fall as she crossed its threshold. Even

her elasticity of spirit was not proof against the drip of the dreary rain and the souging of the east wind in the pines.

It was a cold, damp house, she said; not a home-like place at all. Very lonesome and dismal, she thought, to live in. Did we believe that houses were ever haunted?

Haunted! Alice had said the same thing when we first entered it. That was not so strange, but that this aunt of ours, generally so free from thoughts of fearful things, should be filled with the same idea. Still I had little faith in either ghosts or dreams.

The day passed very slowly and rather sadly, the rain never ceasing, the fires never warming the damp house, the dreariness never lifting from off it. The day passed slowly and cheerlessly, and night came on again — night and sleep.

The proud girl, disrobing slowly in her chamber, laid off her outer garments and stepped before the mirror for a moment to admire the gloss and heaviness of the dark hair ere she loosened its fastenings and let down its raven beauty to the night. One large, plump hand, white and lovely as ever was kissed, she plunged into the maze of braided locks, and turning this way and that, regarded the black and white contrast in the glass. Black hair, lustrous and beautiful, and soft, milky-white hand, half-hidden in the blackness, she stood gazing upon for an instant. Then she raised the other hand toward her head, and suddenly stood petrified with a momentary and terrible fear!

She saw in the mirror the figure of an old man standing in the door-way! It was her guardian, with an unholy and baleful light in his devilish eyes, pausing at the entrance to her chamber!

I cannot describe the majesty of her slow turning toward the door. No words can fitly tell with what stern grandeur she swept her round, white arm in one great gesture of rebuke, contempt and command. Standing with heaving breast and pointing finger, slowly bidding the beast begone, no language of mine can tell how queenly she was, nor how much a beast was the intruder.

But what if he will not go? She does not think of that. She feels the force of her own strong nature, and proudly and fiercely casts on him an imperious rebuke. But with the man at the door her rebuffs go but a little way. He clutches more firmly the knife that he has thrust into his sleeve, and advances a step into the chamber. She feels, with a sickness almost too terrible to be borne, that his nature is as hard as her own, and tougher by all the difference of age and sex. Then for a brief second of time she sinks into a great faintness, but rallies bravely, clutching at the toilet-table beside her.

Is there no weapon in the room? Eagerly examining the apartment, she can discern no implement ready to her hand. Ah! how she longs for one of those handy stilettoes with which jealous Spanish dames are said sometimes to meet their lovers or their rivals! How she longs for any thing with which to repel this hideous old man, whose purpose shines in his eyes.

Robbery, beyond a doubt! Are there not jewels here rare enough to tempt the miser, who loses his ward to-morrow?

He has brooded over it day after day, till his poor and greedy soul has become filled with this single idea. Why did she so bedeck herself, so flaunt in her precious gems, each one setting off those yet more priceless, yet more to be coveted charms. Ah! why, in very wantonness did she tempt the old man with a wealth of which he could never honestly become the possessor?

Day after day he has brooded over it, and the fell purpose, slowly growing beneath the heat of his withered breast, has hatched the foulest of mid-night birds this night.

So he strides another step into the room.

She stood for an instant like one frozen, and then, her great womanly fear—now that the man had shown his carelessness for her commands—overcoming her, she whispered with whitening lips: ‘What do you seek here?’

He could not answer for a moment, and when he did, his voice was thick and uneven, and he shook from head to foot. It is no matter what he said. The queenly woman stood now in queenly wrath, and gave him back scorn for his insults, daring him with rash anger to lay his hand upon her.

And all this time, crouching just outside the door, like a cat watching for prey, the housekeeper, who had crept there from her hole in the cellar, lay in wait.

Then the old man advanced another step into the room—and another—and another, till he stood directly in front of the woman, his purpose glittering yet more fiercely in his eyes and illuminating every feature.

Then, in my dream, I heard her beg him, by his old love for her dead father, by his respect for what was holy and of good repute, to spare her. Yet he stood with a hard smile on his thin lips, trembling but cruelly determined, and would not hearken to her prayer.

It had not as yet occurred to her to use any physical strength against the man. She, who could have throttled him with that firm, white hand of hers, as easily almost as a cat chokes a mouse, had not yet arrived at the thought to do it. But when he approached in his mad folly close to her, she spurned him with a quick, vigorous blow that sent him reeling to the floor.

The knife dropped from his grasp as he fell, and the ring of it awoke in his heart that last, most cruel thought of murder. Gathering himself up, he seized the weapon and rushed upon the defenceless girl.

She was alone, with that fiend hacking at her with the knife! Would no one come to aid her? God give her strength for this most fearful and unequal contest!

He struck her at length, cutting a long, deep gash in her left arm.

Then the tiger in the woman was aroused, and with the look and snarl of a beast of prey, she threw herself upon him. Threw herself upon him with a fury that overbore all resistance, carrying him backward to the floor and sending his knife flying far across the room. Then kneeling upon him, she instinctively closed her white fingers about his throat till I could see the face growing purple and the tongue protruding.

Just at the instant when, in my dream, I savagely exulted over the terrible

triumph of the girl, the figure outside the door stole swiftly in and swung aloft a heavy axe —

Loud knocking, and my sister's voice at the door: 'For goodness' sake get up quickly, Henry, there is some one in the house!'

I arose hastily and opened the door. There stood my sister and aunt, trembling with affright.

'O Henry!' my sister said, 'we have heard such fearful noises in the house. Such woful sounds! I am sure some one has broken in upon us. There are burglars here, you may depend!'

Said my aunt: 'The house is haunted!'

Dressing ourselves as speedily as possible, we descended to the dining-room, where we lighted the lamps, and whence I made a careful search over the building. Windows and doors were all fast, and the only sound I heard was the dreary pelting of the rain and the perpetual murmur and sobbing of the wind in the pines. There was surely no one in the house.

Looking at my watch, I found the time to be about six o'clock, corresponding with my awaking the previous morning. I remembered my fearful visions distinctly, but forebore adding to the evident terror of the women by relating them. Sufficient unto them was the evil whereof they knew.

We ate no breakfast that morning, the uneasiness even of my aunt having deprived her of her usually good appetite. As for me, I was constantly repeating my two nights again, and dreaming those terrible dreams of Beauty and the Beast. We drew our chairs together near the kitchen hearth, and I piled great logs upon the glowing fire. The flames roared fiercely up the chimney and flashed a deep red lustre out into the room, but still the apartment wore a doleful look, and still the dreary and uncomfortable dampness hung about the house.

At length said my aunt: 'How much like a grave-stone this white marble hearth is; it should wear 'In memory of' upon its surface.'

'Look!' my sister cried, 'the ashes have formed a Death's head near its centre, and an ugly crack divides it there!'

Surely a whimsical fancy might trace some likeness to the outlines of a skull in a little collection of ashes, whisked together by the draughts that wandered uncertainly about this strange house.

We left the kitchen and established ourselves in the dining-room. Toward noon my aunt brewed a dish of strong coffee, and I fetched a bottle of old Madeira from the cellar. Sipping the coffee and the wine, our spirits rose to that extent that we ventured to partake of a slender and cold dinner—the remains of our yesterday's provision. Shortly after the sun came forth, the clouds rolled away, and outside the house, at least, a certain cheerfulness began to prevail. The sun-shine was soon followed by my friend the agent, who knocked at the kitchen-door and then entered without a bidding. He came in quietly, but with a certain concern visible upon his face, and seated himself without a word. Then he looked about him with the air of one who has come expecting to hear complaints of some sort, and is prepared to answer them, but

who hesitates to open the subject. No one volunteering any thing save the common salutations and a word or two upon the weather, he at length ventured to remark that he hoped we had found the house sufficiently commodious. Quite so, we assured him.

'Not so lively, perhaps,' he queried, 'as we had been accustomed to?'

'Not *quite*,' my aunt remarked, 'and yet not altogether free from *noise*.'

The agent looked disturbed. 'The wind *does* make an awful moaning through the pine-trees of windy nights,' he said, 'but then we shall not have such nights as the last two, long, I hope.'

'I shall not, for one,' quoth my aunt, with great firmness of manner; 'I shall leave the house this day.'

'Then I shall go, too,' said my sister; 'I would not pass such another night for any thing in the world.'

The agent did not seem so much surprised at these rather startling announcements as I should have anticipated. 'Heard any noises, ma'am?' said he to my aunt.

'Most fearful ones,' she said. 'The house is haunted!'

'Just so!' quoth the agent with imperturbable gravity; then turning to me: 'No mention was made in our agreement concerning any abatement in rent on account of a ghost, I believe?'

'None at all, Sir,' I said.

'I've heard talk,' he continued, 'of there being noises here, but I never put much faith in the stories. There has n't been a family in since I had charge of the property, and I had an idea the noises were all child's play. I did n't want to lose the chance of a tenant, so I did n't mention the nonsense to you. Any how, I reckon my principal will want his cash for the year, whether you stay or go.'

'Alice and I must leave this fearful place to-day,' said my aunt, 'and I hope and pray *you* will not think of remaining in the house, Henry.'

'I think I shall try the ghosts one night more, Aunt Mary,' I said.

In fact, I had become interested exceedingly in the tragedy that haunted my slumbers, and I wished, if possible, to see it played out. My skepticism was still so strong that I felt no fear in connection with our nocturnal visitations, being inclined to believe that I could yet explain them by other than supernatural causes, and to hope that they would cease to return if I faced them boldly. So I said: 'I think I shall try the ghosts one night more, Aunt Mary.'

It was vain for the women to endeavor to deter me from my purpose, I had become too earnestly determined to see the end of the business, and they finally relinquished the attempt as useless. Then came the question as to where they should go for the night, for it was as vain for me to urge them to sleep again in the house, as it was for them to argue me into flying from it. The agent said his wife had expressly commissioned him to say that she would be happy to accommodate any or all of us. Possibly I would go, too, 'just to humor the ladies!'

'You knew 't was haunted,' cried Alice, 'and you had no business to let us come here without telling us.'

'That was just my business,' he replied; 'I was acting under instructions from the owner.'

Presently the agent drove away, promising to return at nine o'clock in the evening to drive the ladies to his residence in the village. We passed rather a dismal afternoon and evening, even the hot tea and biscuit, produced in my aunt's well-known style, failing to cheer us, and I felt somewhat relieved when nine o'clock brought the agent, and ten minutes past nine carried him and the ladies off to the village.

I had determined not to go to bed this night, but rather to keep myself awake in my study, and so take the ghosts at an advantage. As a preliminary to my watch, I lighted a lantern, and beginning at the garret — where the old man of my dreams mocked me from the canvas on the wall — made a thorough exploration of the house. Every thing was in perfect order, all doors and windows fast, and so far as bolts and bars could protect me, I felt safe from harm. It was only when I reached the cellar that I recollected that I had no sort of weapon in case of an attack from mortal foes. As this thought struck me, I noticed an old and rusty iron bar standing in one corner of the cellar, which I appropriated and conveyed to my study. It was a somewhat clumsy weapon, but still formidable enough to repel any ordinary attack. Placing it at a convenient distance from my seat, and taking down a volume of 'Percy's Reliques,' I lighted a cigar and resigned myself to my watching.

I watched long and wearily, consuming cigar after cigar. It must have been past mid-night when sleep at length overcame me, and my head sank forward upon my arms, folded before me on the table, in which position I found myself on finally awaking from my third horrible night-mare in this house.

It appeared to me that I sat in my study-chair, smoking and taking occasional sips of brandy-and-water, until the kitchen clock had struck twelve, one, two, three, four and five. The little bronze receptacle for cigar-ashes had long since risen to a gray mound upon the table, from the summit of which appeared the Cupid's head that formed the handle, peering out from the midst of dust and ashes. The bottle was half-emptied; the book was stale, and the loves of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid had no charms. Still I sat there, and it was now past five o'clock when I heard a singular sound, as of something unwieldy and unhuman stumbling slowly down the broad stair-way. It certainly was not the step of one person, nor did it sound exactly like the steps of two. I listened, holding my breath, and then arose and stole quietly to my study-door, which opened directly at the stair-case foot. There they came, surely. A most horrible spectacle, too. She, old, ugly and shaking with terror, bore upon her shoulders something bulky and limp, that trailed behind her — white, red and black. He followed, holding aloft a candle. A cloth bound about his head rendered yet more conspicuous the ferocity of his face, while the terrible fear that possessed him added to his evil aspect.

But what is it borne slowly and painfully by the woman, one end upon her shoulders, the other striking flabbily and dully from step to step as she descends? See the white night-robe and the long, black hair dripping blood

down the stair-way as the toilsome descent continues; and observe in the masses of the hair those pearls, unsought and uncared for, now that lust has brought forth death!

'Hurry! hurry!' whispers the phantom with the light, 'the day dawns and men will be stirring!'

'How can I hurry,' hisses the grizzly phantom tottering below him, 'with this cursed body on my shoulders? Why could n't you let the girl go in peace?'

'I did n't kill her!' cries the other; 't was none of my doing!'

'Ha! but she would have killed you but for me; she would have killed you in one minute more!'

'Well! well! Hurry! hurry! for day-light is coming, and men will be stirring!'

'What will you tell them,' cries the phantom with the burden; 'what will you say when they ask where your ward is?'

'Let us bury her first with dispatch, and hide her clothes and her cursed jewels, and then we will consider what we shall say.'

'Murder will out, though—murder will out. Why were n't you satisfied with me, without bringing us to this, through your cursed fancy for a pair of white arms and a round shoulder!'

'T was the jewels, I tell you, the jewels! Who ever saw before such diamonds, such opals, such pearls! I never intended to kill the girl.'

'No, but she meant to kill you! She'd have done it but for me.'

'I wish she had!' groaned the man; 'on my soul, I wish she had! But why do you stop at the foot of the stairs? We must get her out of sight before the day-light!'

'Get her out of sight!' sneered the hag, 'get her out of sight! I tell you she will be found if you sink her a thousand feet!'

With her back to the other, the woman could not see as I could, how dark his brow grew at these words, and what a dangerous light glowed in his eyes as he looked down upon her. Still he only said: 'Hurry! hurry! for day-light comes and men will be stirring.'

Then the phantoms raised the body between them, bore it slowly past me, without heeding my presence, and passed with it into the kitchen.

Drawn by an impulse perfectly irresistible, I followed softly.

They bore it toward the door leading to the cellar-stairs, and in doing so passed the fire-place. Here the old man paused and uttered a low ejaculation, which caused the other to drop her end of the burden to the floor. As it fell, the pearls knotted in the hair clashed together, but the twain took no heed of the sound.

The old man pointed with a grim glee to the marble hearth-stone. 'There is a hollow beneath that stone,' he said, 'that I provided long ago for the concealment of precious things. We can place it there without fear of detection. Quick-lime will keep our secret for us. Only hurry! But wait till I get the bar.'

Hastily the figure with the light glided through the cellar-door, leaving its

companion with darkness and the body. He soon returned, bearing a bar so like the one I knew to be in my study, that only the keenest longing to see the dreadful end restrained me from returning to ascertain if it were still in its place. He inserted one end of the bar between the stone and the flooring, and with an almost supernatural strength turned the slab over. I saw beneath it a dark and empty space, more than sufficient to contain the body.

They lifted it and placed it within. Then the old man made as though he would replace the stone.

'Wait,' cried the woman, 'I must have those pearls!' and she stooped over the vault.

As she did so, he swung upward the bar and brought it down full upon her head, into which it sank with a dull crash!

'Dead men tell no tales!' he whispered, as he turned the stone back to its place. It fell with a loud reverberation, and lay as before, save that it was cracked directly across the centre.

I was broad awake, raising my head from my folded arms. My lamp had burned out, but a cold, clear dawn breaking through the windows showed me the otherwise unchanged aspect of my study. Before me on the table lay a pile of cigar-ashes. At my elbow stood the half-filled bottle. Within easy reach was the bar I had fetched from the cellar. Grasping this, with my nerves strung to the very highest pitch, I hurried to the kitchen. With some labor I pried up the hearth-stone.

In the shallow pit before me lay some bits of rags, two piles of bones, and a mass of night-black hair, from which peeped out, here and there, fair pearls.

I dropped the stone, and threw down the bar, and through the cold, gray dawn I fled the house, nor looked behind me as I fled.

SONNET: TO E. H. V. B.

THE many lives are spent in earnest doing,
 To earn the present good they think and dare,
 The *few* are satisfied with idle wooing
 Of that which may be: cowards these and rare.
 This is a working world which we inherit,
 No garden dressed, no ultimate, vain show,
 And workers feel it — men of active merit,
 Who, knowing Right, are acting what they know.
 From all the earth goes leaping up to heaven,
 The clang and clamor of the busy throng
 The highest praises thus to God are given,
 In hallelujahs of loud Labor's song.
 So we *are* marching, with a will and might,
 Through pleasant Duty to the gates of light.

T. H. U.

THE PRESIDENT AT THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

WHERE the city of his name
Rises, fair as Freedom's dream,
Where that marble shaft of shame
Crowns Potomac's lordly stream ;

Stood the country's loyal chief ;
Ruler in her camps and halls,
And with mingled hope and grief,
Gazed on those unfinished walls.

Blended with the rising blocks,
Tier on tier, successive stand,
Carved from the eternal rocks,
Emblems rare from every land.

All the grateful sister-States
Pledge their faith and speak their pride,
From Nevada's golden gates
To the Atlantic's rock-bound tide.

From the land of Shakspeare's strain,
Where Napoleon shook the earth,
Where on Marathon's red plain,
Grecian freedom found new birth ;

Where Columbus, for a chain
Gave a world to old Castile,
Where the Cæsar's purple rein
Drove o'er Rome his chariot-wheel ;

From all tribes and tongues and powers,
Where his unapproached name
Strengthens Freedom in her towers,
Belts the round earth with his fame ;

Grouped in massive order fair,
Stand those gifts of grace and art ;
The whole world is telling there,
How he owns the whole world's heart.

There, too, in enduring stone,
Old Kentucky plights her word ;
'First to join the Union won,
Last to fail it with her sword.'

Patriot words, a patriot's part,
Pledged there in her better day,
Ere she lost her loyal heart,
Lost the trumpet-voice of Clay.

By the God who led her sires,
 By the faith recorded *there*,
 She shall yet renew her fires,
 Give again her sword, her prayer.

Noble land, whose mighty breast
 Beats to honor, shrinks from shame;
 Wake! great Mother of the West,
 Lead the way to glorious fame.

THE STREET OF SAINT APOLLONIA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTONIO VIEIRA,
 JACINTA, *his daughter*,
 RITA, JACINTA'S *nurse*,
 ARTHUR HAMILTON, *an Englishman*.

SCENE — *Lisbon*.

A SMALL terrace paved with brick, overlooking the city, with the Tagus beyond; the sun is setting at the mouth of the river, and the vault of the sky is flecked with clouds of ruby color and gold. A door opens on the terrace; within is seen a room poorly furnished, with another door opening on the street of Saint APOLLONIA, which is steep and stony. On the terrace there are many flowers growing in pots of red clay, rows of tomatoes and yellow pumpkins, and strings of herbs and fruits drying. JACINTA sits there on a low chair, fanning herself; she wears a gown of lilac calico, with a muslin handkerchief pinned closely on her bust; in her black hair, a carnation. JACINTA sings:

'Virgo singularis,
 Inter omnes mitis,
 Nos culpis solutos,
 Mites fac et castos.'

ARTHUR HAMILTON *comes through the house upon the terrace*.

JACINTA, (*starts and rises* :) Senhor, in what can I serve you?

ARTHUR, (*in English* :) Senhora, excuse this intrusion; it was your voice that drew me here; I could n't help it.

JACINTA: I do n't understand your Excellency.

ARTHUR: Yes, your smile is heaven. I toiled up this break-neck street, wondering where it could lead; it is the strait and narrow way. . . . (I am an ass.)

JACINTA: Truly I do n't understand you, Senhor.

ARTHUR: Your eyes are like the sea — changeable, deep and mysterious. Now that you are serious, they are killing me; the ripple of your hair, and the dimple on your chin drive me wild! You are the most beautiful woman

in the world, and if I do n't see you again, and talk to you too, I am a fool not fit to live. [*He bows and leaves the terrace.*]

JACINTA, (*after a few moments of silence.*) O Rita! O Rita! did you see that Englishman?

[*Rita comes from the house. She is old and corpulent, has very bright, black eyes, and gray hair, combed à la chinoise, into a knot on the top of her head.*]

RITA: What Englishman? What are you saying, child?

JACINTA: He saw the door open, I suppose, and came in; I think he was an Englishman, because I could not understand any thing he said; he talked very strangely, and I was a little frightened, but he had eyes as blue and soft as Our Lady's, and his hair was more dazzling than that sun.

RITA: I had just stepped to the neighbor's for a minute; but I shall not leave the door open again, I promise you, no matter how warm it may be; we want no Englishmen here with hair like the sun, nor any thing of the kind.

SCENE SECOND — *Three months later.*

JACINTA *is sitting in the room, by the door of the terrace; on a large frame before her is stretched a breadth of blue satin, on which she is working a wreath of flowers.*

ARTHUR, (*on a chair at the threshold.*) But this is Sunday: I thought if I came here to-day, you would look at me instead of that everlasting embroidery. Moreover, we are commanded not to work on Sunday.

JACINTA: This is not the same work I do in the week; this is for the poor.

ARTHUR: What do the poor want with embroidered satin?

JACINTA: I do n't give them this; Rita sells it, and gives them the money.

ARTHUR: But we are commanded not to work at all on Sunday; nothing is said about the poor.

JACINTA: Father Eusebius told me I might; he is a very good man, and knows every thing. Beside, what could I do all day, if I did not do this?

ARTHUR: Do n't you go to church?

JACINTA: Rita and I lock up the house, and go to mass at six o'clock every morning; then we come home to breakfast; after that I am at my embroidery all day long, except on Sunday and feast-days, when I sometimes read the life of St. Theresa, or 'Meditations on Sin;' they are books Father Eusebius gave me, but I can't read them all day.

ARTHUR, (*dryly.*) I should think not.

JACINTA: Perhaps *you* would like to read them, now that you understand Portuguese so well. But you have never told me, though I asked you the other day, how you have learned it so quickly.

ARTHUR: I have been obliged to travel about the country for the last three months. I had a servant with me, who could not speak English; and then I had books which I studied. I was very anxious to learn, on purpose to talk with you. But I speak very badly still; you must teach me.

JACINTA: I will; yes. What is your name?

ARTHUR: Arthur Hamilton. Arturo, I think, you would call it.

JACINTA : Arturo, Arturo. That is a pretty name.

ARTHUR : Look up now and say it ; I want to see if it is pretty. Look at me, I entreat you.

[*A clanking of chains is heard in the street. Jacinta leaves her work, goes to the window, and looks through the blind, until the sound has nearly ceased. She then returns to her seat.*]

ARTHUR : This is always the way ; whenever I am particularly interested in what we are saying, those miserable galley-slaves are sure to come by ; then you get up to look at them, leaving me pinned to this chair. What on earth do you want to look at those miscreants for, and why must I remain sticking on this chair without moving ?

JACINTA : You know very well that is the only condition on which Rita will allow you to come ; you are not to get up from that chair, except to go away, and as to looking at those poor unfortunate —

ARTHUR : Yes ; I know Father Eusebius told you to do that. I wonder what he said to them about looking at you ?

JACINTA : They can't see me any more than you can, when you are in the street.

ARTHUR : Oh ! I did not flatter myself you looked at me, as I have no chain to my leg ; but I would come here with one on to-morrow, if I thought you would only look up sometimes from that intolerable embroidery. Will you, Jacinta ? will you ? Let me see your eyes again ; they have a strange shade in them, like the far-off sea ; they are so deep, so true and tender ; I long to see them, as a man thirsts for water in the desert. Indeed, I will not, I cannot stay where I am, if you persist in this dreadful unkindness ; you *shall* look at me at all hazards. — Ah ! now I live again ; but why are the beautiful eyes so sad ? have I offended you ? why does your lip quiver ? I have seen this sadness in your face before, Jacinta ; why is it ? are you tired of having to work every day ? does that make you unhappy ? tell me, Jacinta, tell me, tell me.

JACINTA : It is because my heart is not, as Father Eusebius says it ought to be, thankful and full of praise for all things. But I ought not to be sad when you are here, only when you are away. Look at Rita, she is poor and old, and yet she is cheerful ; dear Rita, she is singing.

[*Rita is seen walking across the next room, with a sausage in her hand ; a sound of frying is heard, and a smell of garlic becomes perceptible.*]

ARTHUR : She seems to be cooking something very savory.

JACINTA, (*kindly* :) Poor Rita, she is fond of good things.

[*Rita brings some little cakes of quince marmalade, bread, chestnuts, and red wine. She puts these things on a table.*]

RITA : Child, here is your supper. Senhor Englishman, if you would like to take some, you are welcome ; if not, it is time to go home ; the sun is setting.

ARTHUR, (*aside in English* :) None of that horrid mess ; what a relief ! (*to Rita*.) to be sure I will take some.

RITA : Sit down, then, and may the poor meal do you much good !
(*Jacinta and Arthur sit at the table ; Rita waits on them.*)

SCENE THIRD — *Some weeks later.*

JACINTA *at her work*; ARTHUR *sitting on the threshold of the terrace.*

ARTHUR: I am undergoing a perfect martyrdom at this door; a martyrdom of fire and water. The half of me that is inside is tolerably comfortable, but the other half is always being either washed away by the rain, or else scorched to a cinder.

JACINTA, (*laughing* :) If it is such a terrible hardship, I can't imagine why you sit there so long.

ARTHUR: It is all your fault; you make me beg at least one hour for a look, and another for a smile; but (*looking toward the other room*) Rita must let me come in to-day; see how wet I am getting; beside, I want to talk to you seriously, and I can't at this distance.

JACINTA: Come, come in out of the rain.

ARTHUR, (*moves his chair* :) Jacinta, listen; I saw a man looking up at that window yesterday, and it makes me mad.

JACINTA: Oh! why?

ARTHUR: Because when I know a beautiful, lonely flower that I love, that I want to pluck and wear in my bosom, it makes me mad that another man should look at that flower, and perhaps think the same; I could kill that man.

JACINTA, (*making the sign of the cross* :) Maria sanctissima! You frighten me to death.

ARTHUR: The idea of those ruffianly galley-slaves, too, is gall and wormwood to me.

JACINTA: I have to say a prayer for them every time they go by. One — some of them are as innocent and good as — as any body can be. Father Eusebius —

ARTHUR: Father Eusebius will drive me distracted. Listen! One of those very men who go by here, murdered my brother, two years ago; murdered him to rob him; among other things he took some papers which it is very important that I should have; I have been here all this time trying to get them, but they are destroyed, it seems, . . . at all events, I can hear nothing of them. I have seen the poor wretch, a man prematurely old and broken, who swears that he is innocent, and that he has been unjustly punished. It has been hinted to me that means might be used to make him confess what he has done with the papers, but the poor devil's lot is hard enough already; he shall not be touched. I have followed every clue that was offered me, and can do no more. If I go home to England now, will you, . . . but you are as pale as death; oh! if my flower droops, it must droop on my bosom. There, sweet, rest there now and forever; do n't tremble so, but say that I shall have for my wife the most beautiful and the purest of women.

JACINTA: Unclasp me, Arturo, let me go! You know that I love you more than all this world, and the next. It is true, I do, and yet I cannot go with you; no, I cannot, I must stay here.

ARTHUR: What do you mean? Could you not leave this house, and go with me this moment? What is to prevent you?

JACINTA: I am bound, Arturo, bound by a miserable fate to stay here. I have claims on me —

ARTHUR: Claims! You have claims on you! I never heard any thing about this; you have been deceiving me then, you and that old woman are not alone in the world, you —

JACINTA: I never told you we were. O Arturo! do not look so cruelly at me; sit down, and let me breathe, let me speak to you. You will see yourself that it would be wicked and ungrateful of me to go away with you because I love you, and leave — and leave my — my duties behind me.

ARTHUR, (*rapidly and violently*.) I was to come at certain times, and go at certain times; I suppose if I had staid after sunset, some body else would have found an intruder here. I have had cause for suspicion all the time, but I have been a blind, infatuated fool. Once out of the two occasions in which I have been in this cut-throat street at an unusual hour, besides that gang of ruffians, I saw a man of another sort looking up at the house; that was yesterday, and to-day — ha! ha! it was not without cause that I was warned not to come here.

JACINTA: Arturo! Arturo! you break my heart. What is it that you suspect of me? See, see! I who have never touched you with my finger even; see, I embrace your knees, I kiss them, I kiss your feet, and entreat you for Our Blessed Lady's sake, to think nothing bad of me. Look at me at your feet, O beautiful and beloved Englishman! have you no pity?

ARTHUR: No; none for deceit and hypocrisy. Farewell!

(Jacinta swoons on the floor; Arthur gazes at her for a moment, and leaves the house.)

SCENE FOURTH.

A large, high terrace, on which is a public flower-garden, called the Garden of Saint Peter of Alcantara. ARTHUR on a stone seat, gazing over the city. RITA, in a black cloak reaching to her feet, and a white handkerchief on her head, approaches him.

RITA: I went to look for you, and your servant told me you were here. You are killing that child.

ARTHUR: Am I!

RITA: You are a true Englishman, to whom Our Lady has given neither heart nor soul. You are as incapable of feeling as those stones.

ARTHUR, (*bitterly*.) That is probably the reason I have been languishing here for weeks, a most miserable devil, instead of going home.

RITA: You have been brooding over your own imaginary griefs and wrongs, without a thought for the poor heart you have trampled under your feet. If you were a son of Portugal, or of any other land where the sun shines, and men have warm blood in their veins, you could no more stay away from her, than you could stay out of your skin.

ARTHUR, (*with violence*.) What you call imaginary wrongs are facts witnessed by my own eyes. The very next day I saw that man enter your house.

RITA: That man is my son; he had been there the day before, while he had gone out to buy a candle for Our Lady of the Mountain; that was the

first time you saw him. I had thought him dead for years, but he has been travelling all over the world, and has now come back, come all the way from Brazil, to bring me good news, great news, a miracle of the blessed St. Polycarpus, to whom I made rogations night and day. My son is a rich man now, and a gentleman who wears a coat and a beaver-hat; he brushes his teeth and scrapes his nails, and has a magnificent diamond in his shirt. But he is a good pious son still, he kisses his old mother's rough hand with the same respect as when he was a little lad, dressed in poor people's clothes.

ARTHUR: That is a very convenient story. Do me the favor to leave me alone.

RITA, (*turning to go*.) I will, certainly. Adeus, Senhor —

ARTHUR, (*taking hold of her cloak*.) What — how is Jacinta?

RITA: That is what I came to tell you, and a great deal more, if you would listen.

ARTHUR: Speak, then.

RITA: My master had been wrongfully condemned to the chains —

ARTHUR: Your master? — who? Jacinta's —

RITA: Jacinta's father, my master. A little patience, Senhor. When you first, in an unlucky hour, began to come to our house, I warned Jacinta not to speak to you about her father; there is no use in exposing our misfortunes to proud foreigners and heretics, who have no vitals. All men may be led by the devil to err, and the evidence against my master was so strong that I could not be sure myself whether he was innocent or not; but this doubt I never breathed to Jacinta; she was sure he was guiltless. Afterward, when I thought that you were truly attached to the poor child, and seeing that you were a noble gentleman, who respected her innocence and defencelessness, my heart was moved to tell you all unreservedly, and I had made up my mind to do it, when a few words which my master found means to say to me in passing, made me aware of your errand here, and showed me a thousand difficulties in the way. The daughter of the supposed murderer of your brother would, I knew, be remorselessly spurned by you, even if your heart were torn to pieces in the act. I had always understood your fierce nature, in spite of the all-conquering brightness of your honest face. An old woman, even an ignorant one like me, can read men's faces and men's hearts. Father Eusebius had advised the plan I had pursued, for he thought as I did, that through Jacinta's innocence and piety, you might be brought to Our Holy Mother the Church. I consulted him again. He said nothing could be done but to be silent. He allowed that we were in a difficult position, but he was convinced that Our Lady and the saints would help us, because our intentions were good. But Jacinta now began to entreat us to be allowed to tell you the truth; she is candor itself, and could not bear the burden of concealment. (She was ignorant, you know, that your brother was the murdered man, until that fatal day when you told it to her yourself.) She begged on her knees to be allowed to tell you the secret, until Father Eusebius declared to her with severe authority, that if she dared to speak to you of her father, the most dreadful consequences would be sure to ensue, and through her fault. She began then to dread worse misfor-

tune to her father, and was silent. I was now in constant fear, and even dared to hope in my heart, that my old master, who was growing more and more feeble, would die soon, and go to Purgatory; (he need not have staid there long, we would have had ten masses a day said for him.) But Father Eusebius is a great man, and a saint; he confidently expected a miracle, and (*with enthusiasm*) beheld the miracle! (*takes some papers from under her cloak.*) Look at these papers; look at the seals. You probably know that my master was condemned on being identified as the murderer by one of your brother's friends. But see what it is to be a heretic; he was mistaken; it was a man who bore a resemblance to my master, who really committed the deed. He confessed it on his death-bed, and has yielded up your papers; you can get them when you choose from your Consul. It was my son who brought them home from Brazil. Now, do you doubt still? Look at these papers and these seals; examine them yourself. If I could read them to you, I would. Where have you been all this time that you know nothing of this? My master is free; free and in his own house with his daughter, the apple of his eye, whom it breaks his heart to see drooping on the brink of the grave. I shall have a pretty penance to go through for my doubts and bad thoughts concerning my master; but as to you, no imaginable penance could ever wash out the sin you have committed against that angel of heaven. You stare stupidly; why, you don't even *read* the papers. If you do n't believe me, you can —

ARTHUR: Let us go, (*aside in English,*) I cannot help it; I must, I must!

RITA: To the Consul's?

ARTHUR: To Jacinta, to Jacinta!

SCENE FIFTH.

ANTONIO VIEIRA *sitting in his house.* JACINTA *at his feet, her head on his knee.*

ANTONIO VIEIRA: My child, my beloved daughter, I would rather be the degraded creature I was last week, to the end of my life, and see you well, than have all the honors of the world, while you fade away so before my sight. Can you not cheer up, my sweet child? can you not smile for your father, who would joyfully give away even his soul for you?

JACINTA, (*kisses his hand:*) Yes, yes, father, I shall soon be better, I shall soon be well; permit me to embrace you respectfully. Now, dear father, you shall see me cheerful. I will go to my work, and finish the flowers on that mantle for Our Lady, (*she takes a small silver image of the Virgin from her bosom,*) and while I work I will think only of thee, O Eternal Fountain of Consolation! Thou hast been most merciful to us. (*She replaces the image, and goes toward the work-frame.*)

(RITA and ARTHUR enter; he springs toward her.)

JACINTA: Arturo!

(ARTHUR presses her to his breast.)

THE WEED.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

SHE walked by his grave in the moon-gold light,
And looked at the column slender and white.

A mullen-weed, with golden mace,
Stood like a guard in the silent place.

'While you were living life wronged you indeed !
But your heart was too noble to nurture a weed.

'I killed you with love as with poisoned wine,
Which flowed like fire from these eyes of mine.

'Yet more than your wild love asked I gave,
And for that you sleep in the silent grave.

'No evil weed which grows apace
Should ever defile this holy place.'

Entering the grave-yard, on she went,
To pluck the weed from the monument.

She passed by head-stones one and two :
'Dead love, could I only sleep with you !'

She passed by head-stones three and four :
'Loved and wronged, shall we meet no more ?'

Till she stood on the ill-set corner-stone
Whence the sandy soil like a brook had flown.

Light was her weight as she plucked the weed,
But it crashed the steps in toppling speed ;

And the falling marble pillar of death
Crushes at once her life and breath :

And the evening mist is weaving a veil
O'er the face of the maiden dead and pale ;

And a funeral garland and flowers sweet
Fall from the tomb at her head and feet ;

And clothed in marble fair and white,
The bride by her bridegroom passes the night.

THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES:

THEIR RELATIONS TO AND INFLUENCE IN THE CHURCH AND STATE.

GOVERNMENT, education, and religion are the great human agencies which establish and maintain the security and stimulate the progress of society. Acting in concert, they are harmonious to one grand purpose, the material, intellectual, and moral development of the race. As a great philosopher has said: 'The end of each of these is a component of the ultimate end of man.' Order being essential to the fulfilment of human destiny, this necessity gives rise to government. But we distinguish between the functions of education and religion, and those of organized restraint. The former are not limited in their sphere of usefulness. The latter, being opposed to natural freedom, is only tolerable in so far as it fulfils certain ends. Good government emanates from morality and intelligence. Their coöperation insures it. In their absence it cannot exist. It is by the presence of these, the combined oxygen and nitrogen of the moral atmosphere, that government inhales a vital element. Systems which proscribe these, aim a blow at their own stability, and the reaction must, sooner or later, visit upon them a just rétribution—a baptism of blood must, if need be, consecrate a new government to a worthier career, in which the healthful elements of religion and intelligence shall, in defiance of tyranny, become the corner-stones of progress and liberty. Such are the general relations of religion and education to government.

We are to inquire what has been the influence of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge in modelling Anglican civilization. From them has proceeded an influence which has entered into and moulded, for many centuries, the advancement of the people. Without their coöperation, it is hard to conceive how the Anglican race could have become, what it now is, the pioneer of civilization, the fountain of practical philosophy, a leading spirit in literature, and a mature example of intelligent liberty.

They are the Moses and Joshua who have brought the nation into the promised land. They are the brain of the body politic; the directing mind which has conducted the legislation and the habits of the community into the channels of enlightened prosperity.

I. Their influence has been direct, and indirect—direct, as an immediate power in the state; indirect, as educating the popular mind and modelling public opinion. The Universities of England are venerable in the service of advancing humanity. Their power over the public mind has grown with its growth. Men in every relation of life reverence their authority. Their never-failing sympathy with the popular destiny, their political relations, their concentrated wisdom, and their great antiquity, all unite to give them eminence as a power in the state. To them, as to the learned and experienced arbiters of enlightened sentiment, all look for ripe counsel. Sequestered from the ambition of the selfish, and observant of events, they are the great conservative balance-wheels of a progressive civilization. Three thousand minds, moulded to their

peculiar tenets, go forth yearly to become examples and leaders in every direction. Under their guidance, every art and every science, the learned associations, all enlightened legislation and all social alleviation are quickened. By their influence are established the precepts of canon and civil law. Every improvement receives refinement and practicality at their hands.

The alumni do not terminate their relations to the Universities with their residence. Many continue life members of the academic system. All regard their old haunts by the Cam and the Isis with an affection which years do not diminish. No corner of England is without their grateful sons. The clergy, learned in the doctrines of Christ Church and Trinity, guide the religious zeal of the yeomanry. Statesmen, versed in the maxims of Montague and Sydney, stamp conservative laws upon the statute-book. Philosophers, exulting in the 'Novum Organum,' the 'Principia,' and the 'Essay on the Understanding,' guide the scientific world in the paths revealed at Cambridge by Bacon, Newton, and Locke. Thus from the Universities, as from a perennial spring, the rivers, streams and streamlets of intellectual life flow out in multiplied and complex branches through every part of the community, at one point sustaining an idea, then opposing another, and all bringing a united support to the progressive tendency of the race. Moulding principles in every department by the proxy of their alumni, their power is greatly felt throughout the state.

The influence of the Universities proceeds from their relations to the State and the Church. Those to the state are two-fold: first, traditionary and historical; second, political.

II. 1. The love of tradition exerts a peculiar influence upon British sentiment. It is an element alike of their laws, their customs, their religious prejudices, and their scholastic systems. The history of that country, reaching far back into the dim vista of mythology, and emerging slowly from the doubtful into the authentic, enshrines ancient institutions, refined by ever-increasing intelligence, in the veneration of the modern community. It is

‘A LAND of settled government,
Of old and just renown:
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.’

The traditions of the Universities extend back to the earliest periods of her existence. They have grown with the national growth, have been depressed in national calamity, and have derived vigor from national prosperity. Old manuscripts tell us that certain Greek philosophers, coming in the train of Brutus, laid the foundations of Oxford. Accounts less obscure, point to the chivalrous and scholarly Alfred, ‘the morning star of error’s darkest time,’ as the originator of that great school. We learn that the Universities were devastated by the Danes, that they were restored by Canute, that they were harassed by religious feuds; that Henry the First revived them, that they resisted John in common with the Barons, that their efficiency was suspended during the wars of the Roses; that the Reformation brought a crisis upon their decaying strength; that they were gradually converted to the reformed faith; that Henry the Eighth referred to them the question of his first divorce; that

the height of their prosperity was reached in the time of Elizabeth; that they were reformed by Wolsey, Leicester, Bacon, and Laud, men powerful in the state; that they had a perceptible influence in the revolutions of 1640 and 1688. Throughout is discernible their close affinity to the state. Every national vicissitude has been reflected in the Universities. In all times of trouble, the eyes of the nation have turned for light to the great fountains of wisdom. The influence of the Universities has been the life-blood of the state, collected at the heart; from that point it has circulated with health and vigor through every artery of public sentiment. From them have gone forth the dicta which govern the policy of statesmen, and the dogmas which form the creed of the Church. Parliaments have often bowed in acquiescence to their opinions.

2. But strong as is the sympathy between the state and the Universities by historical association, other bonds, more material and direct, exist from their *political* relations. The government of the scholastic corporations is in theory under the control of the crown. The Chancellor, having executive authority, is chosen from the most illustrious persons of the realm. The Senate is appointed by official favor. The Convocation is subordinate to and powerless without the more august estates. Further, the Chancellor is always a Peer; and two members of the Commons are awarded to each of the Universities. Thus the state has political obligations to Oxford and Cambridge, by its authority over their local systems; the latter reciprocate those obligations by their voice in both Houses of Parliament.

III. The relations of the Universities to the Church are even more intimate than those to the State. Under the generous guidance of religion, education goes on to expand the mind of man. Christianity protects every where the diffusion of learning. From their earliest history the Universities have received the tender care of the Church. In their peril she has placed herself between them and the assailing force. From their secluded cloisters she has chosen her prelates and fathers. To them she has looked, and never in vain, for renewing strength in the time of her trouble. From their presses have gone forth her authorized manifestoes. She has vied with the crown in the profusion of their endowments. An ancient Father said, that but for the Universities 'Theology and philosophy among secular persons would have utterly perished.' Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, declared them to be 'Secunda Ecclesia.' Oxford was the chosen spot where Wickliffe lit the first spark of the Reformation in England.

The Universities, in their turn, have sustained the Church with untiring zeal. Oxford boasts her religious origin in '*Dominus illuminatio mea.*' The Pope before the Reformation, found no more ardent defenders anywhere. Becket was enshrined by Oxford and Cambridge as the martyr-saint of England. They resisted Lutherism till resistance was vain, then gradually yielded to the reformed faith, and to this day they adhere to the Anglican Creed.

Despite the zeal of Leicester and Cecil in favor of Calvinism, they remained faithful—encouraged by Elizabeth, Parker and Whitgift—to the decent splendor of the State Church. Even the Protectorate could not wean them from Episcopacy; and Tillotson, Atterbury, and Wharton were valiant champions of

their opinions, when James the Second attempted to restore the hierarchy of Rome.

Thus, by a long series of mutual dangers, and by the sympathy of similar sufferings, and a common cause, the Church and the Universities have been bound together.

IV. A zealous national spirit arises from the relations to, and influence in the Church and State which have now been reviewed. All parties and all sects have advocates at the great seats of learning. Loyalty has always, however, predominated. In the wars of the Roses, they adhered to York as the representative of divine right against Parliamentary election. They avowed the deepest horror at the Rye-House Plot. Cambridge deposed the courtly Monmouth, her Chancellor, when he rebelled against the crown.

Their position and influence in the wars of 1640 and 1688 is so illustrative of their importance in the State, that we pause to consider this topic briefly. 1. In 1640 they zealously espoused the cause of the crown. The innovating spirit and novel creed which animated the party of Oliver, found no favor among the divines who had been bred to precedent and church authority.

The King, who 'could do no wrong,' was assailed by popular clamor; his throne was endangered by mob violence; the constitution was about to be thrust aside to give place to a new, and to their minds, a visionary code; the dignity of the crown, the authority of prelates, the power of precedent, were about to yield to an experiment, defiant of every traditionary principle, and every established rite. Such innovation, the seats of learning resisted with spirit amid every embarrassment. They emptied their coffers and sold their plate in behalf of the King. Charles, driven from his capital, and a wanderer among his people, found welcome refuge in the majestic halls of Oxford. From her protecting shadows he directed the movements of his troops. There he concentrated his advisers and generals. At Magdalene, the college of the heirs to the throne, Rupert fixed his quarters. Doctors of Divinity raised bands of students, and fell bravely fighting at their head against the legions of Essex at Naseby. After the 'martyrdom,' their submission was forced and sullen. Six-sevenths of the members refused the oath of allegiance to Oliver. Republican tracts were burned. They hailed joyfully the restoration of the heir of 'the murdered King.'

2. In 1640 the Church and the crown were alike objects of attack. They sympathized in a common persecution. There was in that struggle but one course for the Universities to take. In 1688, the Church and the Crown were at variance. James was determined, in spite of law and public will, to reinstate the old hierarchy. To achieve this, he was forced to claim toleration to all dissenters.

Thus were united with the crown all other sects against the establishment. While he fostered all others, he persecuted the State Church. He arraigned, on trivial pretences, five bishops before the Romanist Commission.

He forced apostates upon Magdalene and other colleges as their heads, who set up altars to the Virgin under the very shadows of their stately towers. He

commanded Cambridge to confer degrees upon favorite monks, against their most stringent statutes. A priest was empowered to celebrate the mass in the splendid chapel of Christ Church.

But to the Universities, Anglicanism had become a stubborn fact. Persecution had endeared it to them. The zeal with which it had nourished their gradual growth appealed to their warmest gratitude. Romanism, on the contrary, was politically odious, and speculatively absurd.

They were now to choose between church ascendancy and the divine right of kings. They must renounce one, in order to preserve the other. James had sought to degrade them. He had invaded their most precious rights. He had claimed a power they could not yield. The Church appealed to them in its distress, and not in vain. They clung to the Establishment and abandoned the King.

After a struggle, in which the old dogma of passive obedience in vain endeavored to stifle the voice of nature and affection, they boldly defied the crown. Oxford stood forth first, and her defiance was the earliest premonition of the approaching downfall. She had been true to all preceding sovereigns, but resisted the religious bigotry and insolence of James the Second. Where she led, the nation followed. A bloodless revolution was achieved. The Church was saved, toleration insured, liberty made permanent and universal.

V. The influence of the Universities, and the causes of that influence, have now been developed.

Its results are patent in the ripening of civil and religious liberty, and the general intelligence of the race. Education expands the mind, so that it conceives and imbibes the spirit of justice; in justice, the intelligent mind discerns true liberty. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have brought the Anglican race from barbarism to enlightenment. They have elevated the language, refined the manners, purified the sentiments, exalted the political and religious standard of the people. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, wherever the living ideas of British liberty have found genial soil, the influence of these great Universities is felt. The time draws near when the ideas of freedom which the Anglican race have brought into practice and example, are about to exterminate the degrading system which has bound Italy to the hierarchy and the Hapsburgs.

'Augustus boasted that he found Rome brick, and left it marble. How much nobler may be the boast of the Universities of England, who have it to say, that they found liberty dear, and have made it cheap; that they found learning a sealed book, and have made it a living letter; that they found religion a sword of oppression, and have made it the shield of virtue and the staff of innocence!'

RAIN - D R O P S .

 BY DELIA LOUISE COLTON.

I.

'The silver rain, the golden rain, the tripping, dancing, laughing rain!'
 Stringing its pearls on the green leaf's edge,
 Fringing with gems the brown rock's ledge,
 Spinning a veil for the waterfall,
 And building an amber-colored wall
 Across the West where the sunbeams fall :
 The gentle rain, in the shaded lane — the pattering, peering, winning rain !

II.

The noisy rain, the marching rain, the rushing tread of the heavy rain !
 Pouring its rivers from out the blue,
 Down on the grass where the daisies grew,
 Darting in clouds of angry drops
 Across the hills and the green tree-tops,
 And kissing at last, in its giant glee,
 The foaming lips of the great green sea :
 The fierce, wild rain, the riotous rain, the boisterous, dashing, shouting rain !

III.

The still night rain, the solemn rain, the soldier-step of the midnight rain !
 With its measured beat on the roof o'erhead,
 With its tidings sweet of the faithful dead,
 Whispers from loves who are laid asleep
 Under the sod where the myrtles creep,
 Culling bouquets from the sun-lit past,
 Of flowers too sweet, too fair to last :
 The faithful rain, the untiring rain, the cooing, sobbing, weeping rain !

IV.

The sulky rain, the spiteful rain, the bothering, pilfering, thieving rain !
 Creeping so lazily over the sky,
 A leaden mask o'er a bright blue eye,
 And shutting in with its damp, strong hands,
 The rosy faces in curls and bands
 Of girls who think with unwonted frown
 Of the charming laces and things down-town,
 That might as well for this tiresome rain,
 Be in the rose land of Almahain :
 The horrid rain, the tedious rain, the never-ending, dingy rain !

THROUGH THE COTTON STATES.

SECOND PART.

YEARS ago—how many it would not interest the reader to know, and might embarrass me to mention—accompanied by a young woman—a blue-eyed, golden-haired daughter of New-England—I set out on a long journey; a journey so long that it will not end till one or the other of us has laid off forever our habiliments of travel.

One of the first stations on our route was—Paris. While there, strolling out one morning alone, accident directed my steps to the *Arc d'Etoile*, that magnificent memorial of the greatness of a great man. Ascending its gloomy stair-case to the roof, I seated myself to enjoy the fine view it affords of the city and its environs.

I was shortly joined by a lady and gentleman, whose appearance indicated that they were Americans. Some casual remarks led to a conversation, and soon, to our mutual surprise and gratification, we learned that the lady was a dear and long-time friend of my travelling-companion. The acquaintance thus begun, has since grown into a close and abiding friendship.

The reader, with this preamble, can readily imagine my pleasure on learning, as we were seated after our evening meal, around that pleasant fire-side in far-off Carolina, that my Paris acquaintance was a favorite niece, or, as he warmly expressed it, 'almost a daughter' of my host. This discovery dispelled any lingering feeling of 'strangeness' that had not vanished with the first cordial greeting of my new-found friends, and made me perfectly 'at home.'

The evening wore rapidly away in a free interchange of 'news,' opinions, and 'small-talk,' and I soon gathered somewhat of the history of my host. He was born at the North, and his career affords an interesting illustration of the marvellous enterprise of our Northern character. A native of the State of Maine, he emigrated thence when a young man, and settled down, amid the pine-forest in that sequestered part of Cottondom. Erecting a small saw-mill, and a log shanty to shelter himself and a few 'hired' negroes, he attacked, with his own hands, the mighty pines, whose brothers still tower in gloomy magnificence around his dwelling.

From such beginnings he had risen to be one of the wealthiest land and slave-owners of his district, with vessels trading to nearly every quarter of the globe, to the Northern and Eastern ports, Cadiz, the West-Indies, South-America, and if I remember aright, California. It seemed to me a marvel that this man, alone and unaided by the usual appliances of commerce, had created a business, rivalling in extent the transactions of many a princely merchant of New-York and Boston.

His 'family' of slaves numbered about three hundred, and a more healthy, and to all appearance, happy set of laboring people, I had never seen. Well-fed, comfortably and almost neatly clad, with tidy and well-ordered homes, ex-

empt from labor in childhood and advanced age, cared for in sickness by a kind and considerate mistress, who is the physician and good Samaritan of the village, they seemed to share as much physical enjoyment as ordinarily falls to the lot of the 'hewer of wood and drawer of water.' Looking at them, I began to question if Slavery is, in reality, the black and damnable thing that some of our untravelled philanthropists have pictured it. If—and in that 'if' my good Abolition friend, is the only unanswerable argument against the institution—if they were taught, if they knew their nature and their destiny, the slaves of such an owner might unprofitably exchange situations with many a white man, who, with nothing in the present or the future, is desperately struggling for a miserable hand-to-mouth existence in our Northern cities. I say 'of such an owner,' for in the Southern Arcadia such masters are 'few and far between'—rather fewer and farther between than 'spots upon the sun.'

But they are *not* taught. Public sentiment, as well as State law, prevents the enlightened masters, who think that knowledge fits even a slave for greater usefulness, from letting even a ray of light in upon the darkened mind of the black. He knows his task, his name, and his dinner-hour. He knows there is a something within him—he does not understand precisely what—that the white man calls his soul, which he is told will not rest in the ground when his body is laid away in the grave, but will—if he is a good nigger, obeys his master, and does the task allotted him—travel off into some unknown region, and sing hallelujahs to the Lord, forever. He rather sensibly imagines that such everlasting singing may in time produce hoarseness, so he prepares his vocal organs for the long concert by a vigorous discipline of their powers while here, and at the same time cultivates instrumental music, having a dim idea that the Lord has an ear for melody, and will let him, when he is tired of singing, vary the exercise 'wid de banjo and de bones.' This is all he knows; and his owner, however well-disposed he may be, cannot teach him more. Noble, Christian masters whom I have met—men as brave as upright men are apt to be—have told me they did not *dare* instruct their slaves. Some of their negroes have been born in their houses, nursed in their families, and grown up the play-mates of their children, and yet they are forced to see them live and die 'like the brutes that perish.' One need not be accused of fanatical abolitionism if he deems such a system a *little* in conflict with the spirit and tendency of the nineteenth century!

The sun had scarcely turned his back upon the world, when a few drops of rain, sounding on the piazza-roof over our heads, announced a coming storm. Soon it burst upon us in magnificent fury—a real, old-fashioned thunder-storm, such as I used to lie awake and listen to when a boy, wondering all the while if the angels were keeping a Fourth of July in heaven. In the midst of it, when the earth and the sky appeared to have met in true Waterloo fashion, and the dark branches of the pines seemed writhing and tossing in a sea of flame, a loud knock came at the hall-door, (bells are not the fashion in Dixie,) and soon a servant ushered into the room a middle-aged, unassuming gentleman, whom my host received with a respect and cordiality which indicated that he was no ordinary guest. There was in his appearance and manner that inde-

finable something which denotes the man of mark; but my curiosity was soon gratified by an introduction. It was 'Colonel' A ——. This title, I afterward learned, was merely honorary: and I may as well remark here, that nearly every man at the South who has risen to the ownership of a darky, is either a captain, a major, or a colonel, or, as my ebony driver expressed it: 'Dey 'm all captins and mates, wid none to row de boat but de darkies.' On hearing the name, I recognized it as that of one of the oldest and most aristocratic South-Carolina families, and the new guest as a near relative to the gentleman who married the beautiful and ill-fated Theodosia Burr.

In answer to an inquiry of my host, the new-comer explained that he had left Colonel J ——'s at Little River, (the plantation toward which I was journeying,) shortly before noon, and being overtaken by the storm after leaving Conwayboro, had, at the solicitation of his 'boys,' (another term for darkies,) who were afraid to proceed, called to ask shelter for the night.

Shortly after his entrance, the lady members of the family retired; when the 'Colonel,' 'Captain,' and myself, drawing our chairs near the fire, and each lighting a fragrant Havana, placed on the table by our host, fell into a long conversation, of which the following was a part:

'It must have been urgent business, Colonel, that took you so far into the woods at this season,' remarked our host.

'These are urgent times, Captain B ——,' replied the guest; 'and all who have any thing at stake, should be *doing*.'

'These *are* unhappy times, truly,' said my friend; 'has any thing new occurred?'

'Nothing of moment, Sir; but we are satisfied that Buchanan is playing us false, and we are preparing for the worst.'

'I should be sorry to know that a President of the United States had resorted to under-hand measures! Has he really given you pledges?'

'He promised to preserve the *statu quo* in Charleston harbor, and we have direct information that he intends to send out reinforcements,' rejoined Colonel A ——.

'Can that be true? You know, Colonel, I never admired your friend Mr. Buchanan, but I cannot see how, if he does his duty, he can avoid enforcing the laws in Charleston, as well as in the other cities of the Union.'

'The 'Union,' Sir, does not exist. Buchanan has now no more right to quarter a soldier in South-Carolina than I have to march an armed force on to Boston Common. If he persists in keeping troops near Charleston, we shall dislodge them.'

'But that will make war! and war, Colonel,' replied our host, 'is a terrible thing. Do you realize what it would bring upon us? And what could our little State do in a conflict with nearly thirty millions?'

'We should not contend with thirty millions. The other Cotton States are with us, and the leaders in the Border States are all pledged to secession. They will wheel into line when we give the word. But the North will not fight. The Democratic party sympathizes with us, and some of its influential leaders are pledged to our side. They will breed division there, and paralyze the

action of the Free States ; besides, the trading and manufacturing classes will never consent to a war that would work their ruin. With the Yankees, Sir, the dollar is almighty !'

'That may be true,' replied our host ; 'but I think if we go too far, they will fight. What think you, Mr. K —— ?' he continued appealing to me, and adding : 'This gentleman, Colonel, is very recently from the North.'

Up to that moment, I had avoided taking part in the conversation. Enough had been said to satisfy an obtuse intellect that while my host was a staunch Unionist,* his visitor was not only a rank Secessionist, but one of the leaders of the movement, and even then preparing for desperate measures. Discretion, therefore, counselled silence. To this direct appeal, however, I was forced to reply, and answered : 'I think, Sir, the North does not yet realize that the South is in earnest. When it wakes up to that fact, its course will be decisive.'

'Will the Yankees *fight*, Sir ?' rather impatiently and imperiously asked the Colonel, who evidently thought I intended to avoid a direct answer to our host's question.

Rather nettled by his manner, I quickly responded : 'Undoubtedly they will, Sir. They have fought before, and it would not be wise to count them cowards.'

A true gentleman, he at once saw his manner had given offence, and instantly moderating his tone, rather apologetically replied : 'Not cowards, Sir, but too much absorbed in 'the occupations of peace,' to go to war for an idea.'

'But what you call an 'idea,' said our host, '*they* may think a great fact on which their existence depends. I can see that we shall lose vastly by even a peaceful separation. Tell me, Colonel, what we will gain ?'

'Gain !' warmly responded the guest. 'Every thing ! Security, freedom, room for the development of our institutions, and such progress in wealth as the world has never seen.'

'All that is very fine, Colonel,' rejoined the 'Captain,' 'but where there is wealth, there must be work ; and who is to do the work in your new Empire — I do not mean the agricultural labor ; you depend for that, of course, on the blacks — but who will run your manufactories and do your mechanical labor ? The Southern gentleman would feel degraded by such occupation ; and if you put the black to any work requiring intelligence, you must let him *think*, and the moment he *thinks*, *he is free* !'

'All that is easily provided for,' replied the Secessionist. 'We shall form intimate relations with England. She must have our cotton, and we in return will take her manufactures.'

'That would be all very well at present, and so long as you kept on good

* I VERY much regret to learn, on reliable authority, that since my meeting with this most excellent gentleman, he, being obnoxious to the Secession leaders for his well-known Union sentiments, has been very onerously assessed by them for contributions toward carrying on the war. The sum he has been forced to pay, is stated as high as forty thousand dollars, but that may be, and I trust is, an exaggeration. In addition — and this fact is within my own knowledge — five of his vessels have been seized in the Northern ports by our Government. This exposure of true Union men to a double fire, is one of the most unhappy circumstances attendant upon this most unhappy war.

terms with her; but suppose, some fine morning, Exeter Hall got control of the English Government, and hinted to you, in John Bull fashion, that cotton produced by free labor would be more acceptable, what could three, or even eight millions, cut off from the sympathy and support of the North, do in opposition to the power of the British empire?

‘Nothing, perhaps, if we *were* three or even eight millions, but we shall be neither the one nor the other. Mexico and Cuba are ready, now, to fall into our hands, and before two years have passed, with or without the Border States, we shall count twenty millions. Long before England is abolitionized, our population will outnumber hers, and our territory extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and reach as far south as the Isthmus. We are founding, Sir, an empire that will be able to defy all Europe—one grander than the world has seen since the age of Pericles!’

‘You say, with or without the Border States,’ remarked our host. ‘I thought you counted on their support.’

‘We do if the North makes war upon us, but if we are allowed to go in peace, we can do better without them. They would be a wall between us and the abolitionized North.’

‘You mistake,’ I said, ‘in thinking the North is abolitionized. The Abolitionists are but a handful there. The great mass of our people are willing the South should have its rights, and undisturbed control of its domestic concerns.’

‘Why, then, do you send such men as Seward, Sumner, Wilson, and Grow to Congress? Why have you elected a President who approves of nigger-stealing? and why do you tolerate such incendiaries as Greeley, Garrison, and Phillips?’

‘Seward, and the others you name,’ I replied, ‘are not Abolitionists; neither does Lincoln approve of nigger-stealing. He is an honest man, and I doubt not, when inaugurated, will do exact justice by the South. As to incendiaries, you find them in both sections. Phillips and Garrison are only the opposite poles of Yancey and Wise.’

‘Not so, Sir; they are more. Phillips, Greeley and Garrison create and control your public opinion. They are mighty powers, while Yancey and Wise have no influence whatever. Yancey is a mere bag-pipe; we play upon him, and like the music, but smile when he attempts to lead us. Wise is a harlequin, whom we let dance because he is good at it, and it amuses us. Lincoln may be honest, but if made President he will be controlled by Seward, who hates the South. Seward will whine, and wheedle, and attempt to cajole us back, but mark what I say, Sir, I *know him*; he is constitutionally, morally, and physically a coward, and will never strike a blow for the UNION. If hard pressed by public sentiment, he may, to save appearances, bluster a little, and make a show of getting ready for a fight; but he will find some excuse at the last moment, to avoid coming and blows. For our purposes, we had rather have the North under his control than under that of the old renegade, Buchanan!’

‘All this may be very true,’ I replied, ‘but perhaps you attach too much

weight to what Mr. Seward or Mr. Lincoln may or may not do. You seem to forget that there are twenty intelligent millions at the North, who will have something to say on this subject, and who may not consent to be driven into disunion by the South, or wheedled into it by Mr. Seward.'

'I do not forget,' replied the Secessionist, 'that you have four millions of brave, able-bodied men, while we, perhaps, have not more than two millions; but bear in mind that you are divided, and therefore weak; we united, and therefore strong!'

'But,' I inquired, '*have* you two millions without counting your blacks; and are *they* not as likely to fight on the wrong as on the right side?'

'They will fight on the right side, Sir.' We can trust them. You have travelled somewhat here.' Have you not been struck with the contentment and cheerful subjection of the slaves?'

'No, Sir, I have not been! I think you are smoking a cigar on a powder-barrel,' I replied.

An explosion of derisive laughter from the Colonel followed this remark, and turning to the Captain, he good-humoredly exclaimed: 'Has n't the gentleman used his eyes and ears industriously?'

'I am afraid he is more than half right,' was the reply. 'If this thing should go on, I would not trust my own slaves, and I think they are truly attached to me. If the fire once breaks out, the negroes will rush into it, like horses into a burning barn.'

'Think you so!' exclaimed the Colonel in an excited manner. 'By Heaven, if I believed it, I would cut the throat of every slave in Christendom! What, Sir,' addressing me, 'have you seen or heard that gives you that opinion?'

'Nothing, Sir, but a sullen discontent, and an eagerness for news that shows they feel intense interest in what is going on, and know it concerns *them*.'

'I have n't remarked that,' he said rather musingly, 'but it *may* be so. Does the North believe it? If we came to blows, would they try to excite servile insurrection among us?'

'The North, beyond a doubt, thinks that the case,' I replied, 'yet I am sure that even the Abolitionists would aid you in putting down an insurrection; but if you go into a war, in my opinion, you will come out of it without a slave between the Rio Grande and the Potomac.'

The Colonel at this hastily rose, merely remarking: 'You are mistaken. You are mistaken, Sir!' and turning to our host, said: 'Captain, it is late: had we not better retire?' Bidding me 'good-night,' he was gone.

Our host soon returned from showing his guest to his apartment, and with a quiet but deliberate manner, said to me: 'You touched him, Mr. K —, on a point where he knows we are weakest; but allow me to caution you about expressing your opinions so freely. The Colonel is a gentleman, and what you have said will do no harm, but, long as I have lived here, I dare not say to many what I have said to him to-night.'

Thanking the worthy gentleman for the caution, I followed him up-stairs,

and soon lost, in a sweet oblivion, all thoughts of Abolitionists, niggers, and the 'grand empire.'

I was awakened in the morning by music under my window, and looking out discovered about a dozen darkies gathered around my ebony driver, who was clawing away with all his might at a dilapidated banjo, while his auditory kept time to his singing, by striking the hand on the knee, and by other gestulations too numerous to mention. The songs were not much to brag of, but the music would have 'knocked spots' out of GEORGE CHRISTY, and have convinced him that *his* is not the genuine, dyed-in-the-wool, darky article. The following was one of the songs, or rather, it has the rhythm and sentiment of the original :

'WAKE, massa wake, de day am breakin',
De hoe-cake on de hearth am bakin',
And SALLIE's boilin' de pot ;
De white-bread on de fire am toastin',
De taters in de ashes roastin',
A roastin' nice and hot.
So up, good massa, let's be gwoin',
Let's be scratchin' ob de grabble ;
For forty mile's a mighty showin',
On such a road as dis to trabble.

'Oh ! wake, good massa, breakfast waitin',
'T will soon be cold for your belatin',
So cold dat it will shiber ;
Dis nigga's got de ole hoss ready,
He 'll gang along all swift and steady,
All steady to de Little Riber.
So up, good massa, let's be gwoin',
Gwoin tru de piney woods ;
For soon de wind may be a-blowin',
Soon de rain come down in floods.'

The darky was right, for, though the storm of the previous night had ceased, the sky was overcast, and looked as if 'soon de wind might be a blowin'. Prudence counselled an early start, for, doubtless, the runs, or small creeks, had become swollen by the heavy rain, and would be unsafe to cross after dark. Beside, beyond Conwayboro, our route lay for thirty miles through a country without a solitary house where we could get decent shelter, were we overtaken by a storm.

Hurriedly performing my toilet, I descended to the drawing-room, where I found the family already assembled. After the usual morning salutations were exchanged, a signal from the mistress caused the sounding of a bell in the hall, and brought into the room some ten or twelve men and women house-servants, of remarkably neat and tidy appearance, among whom was my darky driver. They took a stand at the remote end of the room, and our host, opening a large, well-worn family BIBLE, read the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah. Then, all kneeling, he made a short extemporaneous petition, closing with the Lord's Prayer ; all present, black as well as white, joining in it. Then Heber's

beautiful hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' was sung; and to my ears, the darkies made much better music of it than the whites.

The services over, we adjourned to the dining-room, and after we were seated, the 'Colonel' remarked to me: 'Did you notice how finely that negro 'boy' (he was fully forty years old) sung?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'he sung several songs to me on our way, yesterday. Do you know him, Sir?'

'Oh! yes, very well. His mistress wishes to sell him, but finds difficulty in doing so. Though a likely negro, people will not buy him. He is too smart.'

'That strikes me as a singular objection,' I remarked.

'Oh! no, not at all! These *knowing* negroes very frequently make a world of trouble on a plantation.'

Notwithstanding the ducky's injunction, that I should 'be scratchin' ob de grabble,' it was after ten o'clock before we were ready to start. The mills, the negro-quarters, and other parts of the plantation, and then several vessels moored at the wharf, had to be seen before I could get away. Finally, I bid my excellent host and his family farewell, and with nearly as much regret as I ever felt at leaving my own home. I had experienced the much-heard-of Southern hospitality, and had found the report far below the reality.

The other guest had taken his leave some time before, but not till he had given me a cordial invitation to return by the way I came, and spend a day or two with him, at his plantation on the river, some twenty miles below. I hope to tell the reader in a future paper, how I came to avail myself of that invitation.

The sky was lowery, and the sandy road heavy with the recent rain, when we started. The gloomy weather seemed to have infected the driver as well as myself. He had lost all the mirthfulness and loquacity of the previous day, and we rode on for a full hour in silence. Tiring at last of my own thoughts, I said to him: 'Scipio, what is the matter with you? what makes you so gloomy?'

'Nothin, massa; I war only tinkin', he abstractedly replied.

'And what are you thinking about?' I asked.

'I's wond'r'in', massa, if de LORD meant de darkies in dose words of His dat Massa B — read dis mornin'.

'What words do you mean?'

'Dese, massa: 'O thou afflicted! tossed wid de tempest, and habin no comfort, behold, I will make you hous'n ob de fair colors, and lay dar foundations wid safomires. All dy children shall be taught ob de LORD, and great shill be dar peace. In de right shill dey be established; dey shill hab no fear, no terror; it shan't come nigh 'em, and who come against dem shill fall. Behold! I hab made de blacksmis dat blow de coals, and make de weapons; and I hab made de waster dat shill destroy de oppressors.'

If he had repeated one of Webster's orations I could not have been more astonished. I did not remember the exact words of the passage, but I knew he had caught its spirit. Was this his recollection of the reading he

heard in the morning? or had he previously committed it to memory? These were the questions I asked myself; but, restraining my curiosity, I answered: 'Undoubtedly they are meant for both the black and the white.'

'Do dey mean, massa, dat we shall be like de white folks — wid our own hous'n, our children taught in de schools, and wid weapons to strike back when de white folks strike us?'

'No, Scipio, they do n't mean that. They refer principally to spiritual matters. They were a promise to *all the world* that when the SAVIOUR came, all, even the greatly oppressed and afflicted, should have the great truths of the BIBLE about GOD, REDEMPTION, and the FUTURE told to them.'

'But de SAVIOUR hab come, massa; and dose tings an't taught to de black children. We hab no peace, no rights; nothin' buf fear, 'pression, and terror.'

'That is true, Scipio. The LORD takes His own time, but His time will surely come.'

'De LORD bless you, massa, for saying dat; and de LORD bless you for telling dat big Cunnel, dat if dey go to war de black man will be FREE!'

'Did you hear what we said?' I inquired, greatly surprised, for I remembered remarking, during the interview of the previous evening, that our host was careful to keep the doors closed.'

'Ebery word, massa.'

'But how *could* you hear? The doors and windows were shut. Where were you?'

'I was on de piazzer; and when I seed tru de winder dat de ladies war gwine, I know'd you'd talk 'bout politics and de darkies — gemmen allers do. So I opened one ob de winders bery softy — you did n't har 'cause it rained and blowed bery hard, and made a mighty noise. Den I stuffed my coat in de crack, so de wind could n't blow in and let you know I was dar, but I lef a hole big enough to har. My ear froze to dat hole, massa, bery tight, I 'sure you.'

'But you must have got very wet and very cold.'

'Wet, massa! wetter dan a 'gator dat's been in de ribber all de week, but I did n't mind de rain or de cold. What I hard made me warm all de way tru.'

To my mind there was a rough picture of true heroism in that poor darky standing for hours in his shirt-sleeves, in the cold, stormy night, the lightning playing about him, and the rain drenching him to the skin — that he might hear something he thought would benefit his down-trodden race.

I noticed his clothing, though bearing evident marks of a drenching, was then dry, and I inquired: 'How did you dry your clothes?'

'I staid wid some ob de cullud folks, and after you went up-stars, I went to dar cabin, and dey gabe me some dry clothes. We made up a big fire, and hung mine up to dry, and de ole man and woman and me sot up all night to talk ober what you and de oder gemmen said.'

'Will not those folks tell what you did, and thus get you into trouble?'

'Tell! LORD bless you, massa, de blacks am all free-masons; dat ar ole man and woman wud die 'fore dey'd tell.'

'But are not Captain B——'s negroes contented?' I asked; 'they seem to be well treated.'

'Oh! yes, dey am. All de black folks 'bout har want de Captin to buy 'em. He bery nice man — one ob de Lord's own people. He better man dan David, 'cause David did wrong, and I do n't b'lieve de Captain eber did.'

'I should think he was a very good man,' I replied.

'Bery good man, massa, but de white folks do n't like him, 'cause dey say he treats him darkies so well, all dairn am discontented.'

'Tell me, Scipio,' I resumed after a while, 'how it is you can repeat that passage from Isaiah so well?'

'Why, bless you, massa, I know Aziah and Job and de Psalms 'most all by heart. Good many years ago, when I lib'd in Charles'on, the gub'ness learned me to read, and I hab read dat Book tru good many times.'

'Have you read any others?' I asked.

'None but dat and Doctor Watts. I hab *dem*, but white folks won't sell books to de blacks, and I won't steal 'em. I read de papers sometimes.'

I opened my portmanteau, that lay on the floor of the wagon, and handed him a copy of Whittier's poems. It happened to be the only book, excepting the Bible, that I had with me.

'Read that, Scipio,' I said. 'It is a book of poetry, but written by a very good man at the North, who greatly pities the slave.'

He took the book, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks, as he said: 'Tank you, massa, tank you. Nobody war neber so good to me afore.'

It will gladden the heart of the great New-England poet to know that the words which have dropped, like the ripened fruit of the gods, from his large, human soul, will be gathered up and treasured by a poor, benighted slave in the far-away backwoods of South-Carolina.

During our conversation, the sky, which had looked threatening all the morning, began to let fall the big drops of rain; and before we reached Conwayboro, it poured down much after the fashion of the previous night. It being cruelty to both man and beast to remain out in such a deluge, we pulled up at the village hotel, (kept, like the one at Georgetown, by a lady,) and determined to remain over night, unless the rain should abate in time to allow us to reach our destination before dark.

Dinner being ready soon after our arrival, (the people of Conwayboro, like the 'common folks' that Davy Crockett told about, dine at twelve,) I sat down to it, having first hung my outer garments, which were somewhat wet, before the fire in the sitting-room. The house seemed to be a sort of public boarding-house, as well as a hotel, for quite a number of persons, evidently town's-people, were at the dinner-table. My appearance seemed to attract some attention, but not more, I thought, than would be naturally excited in so small a place by the arrival of a stranger; and 'as nobody said nothing to me, I said nothing to nobody.'

Dinner over, I adjourned to the 'sitting-room,' and seated myself by the fire, to watch the drying of my 'outer habiliments.' While thus engaged, the door opened, and three men — whom I should have taken, had not a further

acquaintance convinced me to the contrary—for South-Carolina gentlemen, entered the room. Walking directly up to where I was sitting, the foremost one accosted me something after this fashion :

‘I see you are from the North, Sir.’

Taken a little aback by the abruptness of the ‘salute,’ but guessing his object, I answered : ‘No, Sir ; I am from the South.’

‘From what part of the South, Sir ?’ he inquired.

‘I left Georgetown yesterday, and Charleston two days before that,’ I replied, endeavoring to seem entirely oblivious to his meaning.

‘We don’t want to know whar you war yesterday ; we want to know whar you *belong*,’ he said, with a little impatience.

‘Oh ! that’s it. Well, Sir, I belong *here* just at present, or rather I shall, when I have paid the land lady for my dinner.’

Annoyed by my coolness, and getting somewhat excited, he replied quickly : ‘You must n’t trifle with us, Sir. We know who you are. You’re from the North. We’ve seen it on your valise, and we can’t allow a man who carries the New-York *Independent* to travel in South-Carolina.’

The scoundrels had either broken into my portmanteau, or else a copy of that paper had dropped from it on to the floor of the wagon when I gave the book to Scipio. At any rate, they had seen it, and it was evident ‘Brother Beecher’ was about getting me into a scrape. I felt indignant at the impudence of the fellow, but determined to keep cool, and, a little sarcastically, replied to the latter part of his remark :

‘That’s a pity, Sir. South-Carolina will lose by it.’

‘This game won’t work, Sir. We don’t want such people as you har, and the sooner you make tracks the better for you,’ was the reply.

‘I intend to leave, Sir, as soon as the rain is over, and to travel thirty miles on your sandy roads to-day, if you do n’t coax me to stay by your hospitality,’ I quietly replied.

The last remark seemed to be just the one drop needed to make his wrath ‘bille over,’ for he savagely exclaimed : ‘I tell you, Sir, we will not be trifled with. You must be off to Georgetown at once. You can have just half an hour to leave the Borough, not a second more.’

His tone and manner aroused what little combativeness there is in me. Rising from my chair, and taking up my outside-coat, in which was one of Colt’s six-shooters, I said to him : ‘Sir, I am here, a peaceable man, on peaceable, private business. I have started to go up the country, and go there I shall ; and I shall leave this place at my convenience—not before. I have endured your impertinence long enough, and shall have no more of it ; and if you attempt to interfere with my movements, you will do so at your peril.’

My blood was up, and I was fast losing that better part of valor entitled, discretion ; and he evidently understood my movement, and did not dislike the turn affairs were taking. There is no telling what might have followed had not my friend Scipio just at that instant inserted his woolly head between us, excitedly exclaiming : ‘Lord bless you, Massa B——ll ; what *am* you ‘bout ? Why, dis gemman am a ‘ticlar friend of Cunnel A——. He ‘m a

reg'lar Seseshernist. He hates de ablishernists worser dan de debble. I hard him swar a clar, blue streak 'bout dem only yesterday.'

'Massa B —— ll' was evidently taken aback by the announcement of the negro, but did n't seem inclined to 'give it up so' at once, and asked: 'How do you know he's the Colonel's friend, Scip? Who told you so?'

'Who told me so?' exclaimed the excited negro, 'why, did n't he stay at Captin B ——'s, wid de Cunnel, all night last night; and did n't dey set up dar doin' politic business togedder till after mid-night? Did n't de Cunnel come dar in all de storm 'pressly to see dis gemman?'

The ready wit and rude eloquence of the darky amused me, and the idea of the 'Cunnel' travelling twenty miles through the terrible storm of the previous night to meet a man who had the New-York *Independent* about him, was so perfectly ludicrous, that I could not restrain my laughter, and that laugh did the business for 'Massa B —— ll.' What the negro had said staggered, but did not fully convince him; but my returning good-humor brought him completely round. Extending his hand to me, he said: 'I see, Sir, I've woke up the wrong passenger. Hope you 'll take no offence. In these times we need to know who come among us.'

'No offence whatever, Sir,' I replied. 'It is easy to be mistaken; but,' I added smilingly, 'I hope, for the sake of the next traveller, you 'll be less precipitate another time.'

'I *am* rather hasty; that's a fact,' he said. 'But no harm is done. So let's take a drink, and say no more about it. The old lady har keeps nary a thing but water, but we can get the *raul stuff* close by.'

Though not a member of a 'Total Abstinence Society,' I have always avoided indulging in the quality of fluid that is the staple beverage at the South. I therefore hesitated a moment before accepting the gentleman's invitation; but the alternative seemed to be squarely presented, pistols or drinks; cold lead or poor whiskey, and — I am ashamed to confess it — I took the whiskey.

Returning to the hotel, I found Scipio awaiting me. 'Massa,' he said, 'we better be gwine. Dat dar Sesesherner am ugly as de bery ole debble; and soon as he know I cum de possum over him 'bout de Cunnel, he 'll be down on you *sure*.'

The rain had dwindled to a drizzle, which the sun was vigorously struggling to get through with a tolerable prospect of success, and I concluded to adopt the African's advice. Wrapping myself in an India-rubber over-coat, and giving the darky a blanket of the same material, we started.

Of the remainder of that day's ride, more hereafter.

UNCLE VERDINE.

I.

WHEN Uncle Verdine came home from sea,
I was the happiest girl in town.
My youthful heart was filled with glee
By the beautiful gifts he brought to me,
From the lands he had visited, over the sea,
Lands beyond where the sun goes down.

Riches, mother and I had none,
Till Uncle Verdine came home from sea;
But a new existence was then begun:
His golden dollars, bright as the sun,
Rung, as he dropped them, one by one,
The merry death-knell of our poverty.

He would buy us another house, he said;
The cottage was fit for us no more.
What else should he do with the fortune he'd made,
Than render us happy? He only had staid
So long, that the gold his trade had paid,
Might bring to us joys unknown before.

So a mansion was bought; and we bade good-by
To the lowly cottage I loved so well;
And with many a tear and many a sigh,
I passed my little playmates by,
As we rode in our carriage — mother and I —
Toward the city where we were to dwell.

II.

A year — how long! has slowly flown.
How changed our lives within the year!
Uncle Verdine to his rest has gone:
Mother and I are all alone:
The wheels of Time roll heavily on:
It seems ten years since we came here!

And sadly I notice, day by day,
That mother is not as she used to be;
The bloom of the rose that once o'erlay
Her cheek, is yielding to decay;
The gleam of her eye is fading away,
And now lights never a smile for me.

And a strange man, crafty, sleek, and slim,
One that I shudder to look upon,
Visits at morn and at twilight dim --
And mother is going to marry him !
I know full well that a golden rim
Is the mete of the love she leans upon.

O Uncle Verdine, dear Uncle Verdine !
If you had never come home from sea,
This greatest of griefs had never been mine ;
Only for that kind heart of thine,
I might be basking in Life's sunshine,
And blest, as erst, in poverty !

REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET :

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LEGER.

' Mislike me not for my complexion.'—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PART II.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

ALWORTHY and Company failed just three weeks after my negotiation of their paper. It turned out that for several months previous they were in the habit of putting their own notes on the market, for the purpose of raising money. They had also exchanged acceptances largely with other houses, for the same object, and their speculations turning out badly, they broke. There was considerable sensation in the street at the announcement. As is usual in such instances, the assets turned out to be nil, after protecting the 'confidential.' In fact, the concern was at the time of stopping payment a mere shell. There was also a good deal of fluttering among the houses who were really solvent, and who had exchanged notes with Alworthy, in the belief that he was so. With others it proved an even thing, since both were worthless. Among these last, I fear, might be classed our new friends Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company. They had given Alworthy about ten thousand dollars of their promises to pay, and had received a like amount from him. As these last were negotiated with their indorsement, both amounts would come against them. Now-a-days they manage these matters better, by having notes drawn to the order of the makers, and indorsed only by them ; and if they will sell as 'single-name paper,' all responsibility is avoided. Except in a great crisis, which carries down business-men suddenly, and in battalions, the knowing ones

soon discover signs of probable disaster in a firm, which is evidenced by a gradual rise in the rate at which their notes can be disposed of, till they become quite unsalable. Still there is a class of shrewd but greedy money-lenders, who are tempted by high prices to purchase paper of this sort, and who sometimes meet with a heavy loss, but always charge enormous rates.

I was a good deal exercised when I learned early one morning of the failure, for fear it would prove calamitous to Harley. He came in my office shortly after, and quite put me at ease on the subject.

‘Have you heard the news about Alworthy?’ he said.

I told him I had.

‘I confess I have had my suspicions raised ever since that second batch of paper, which I knew nothing of when I offered you the first. However, my name is not mixed up with them, thank fortune.’

‘But I thought you were interested with Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company? You seemed to know all about them.’

‘Interested? not to the amount of a penny. It is true I have known Pollock for a long time, a first-rate fellow; and as I wanted an office for a few months, I took the furnished one directly over theirs. I had, besides, a little operation with them, by which I received the most of the Alworthy paper, and paid them a certain amount in cash, and the balance in real estate. I am quite satisfied with the bargain. They tried unsuccessfully in several quarters to sell the notes, and this fact helped me in the trade. So you see I am more obliged to you than you supposed for negotiating them.’

‘But I understood you to say they had abundant capital.’

‘So they had for their regular business. You see Hollis is a little wild by turns, and his father, who is a rich man, put in ten thousand dollars for the sake of establishing his son in business. But they got to be too ambitious, and struck out right and left. At last they fell in with Alworthy, who is as smooth and keen as a razor, and he put very expansive notions in their heads.’

‘I declare,’ I exclaimed with some wrath, ‘had I known all this, I would not have offered the notes.’

‘And had I known it,’ replied Harley, ‘I should not have taken them. Now pray don’t put so long a face on the matter,’ he continued, seeing I looked grave. ‘You remind me of the Englishman who made his life miserable from apprehension that his country never would be able to pay the National Debt. The loss in this case falls just where it ought to fall — on the note-shavers. They take the risk, and charge accordingly, and they must accept the fortune of war. Had Alworthy’s speculations in cotton turned out differently, all would be right.’

‘True,’ I remarked, ‘but Alworthy was reckless. His transactions were not legitimate. I declare he was a gambler, and nothing else.’

‘My good friend,’ replied Harley, ‘I am sorry to see a man of your excellent sense misled by that humbug word ‘legitimate.’ As to Alworthy’s being a gambler in trade, I can only say, all trade is but gambling; a bold bet against providence, that there will be such and such a market, and such and such a supply, on which depend such and such risks, and such and such profits.

Yes, a merchant is not only a gambler, but the most unfortunate and most miserable of the whole gambling class. He never knows, like the man who risks on the red or the black, just where he stands. His results cannot be calculated speedily like those of the stock gambler, but he is forced to take hazard after hazard before any one of his ventures are determined. His fate, too, is dependent on the good or bad management of others, and is so mixed up with incidents and occurrences beyond his control, that I repeat, I pronounce him the most unlucky gambler of them all. I have been fifteen years in business — have failed twice — went through the horrors of those in purgatory. I don't mean to gamble any more in trade. So, pray, don't talk to me so sanctimoniously about 'legitimate transactions.'

I perceived that I had touched a delicate point, and I did not debate the subject. Indeed there was matter for reflection in Harley's observations.

'Come,' he said cheerfully after a little pause, 'let us speak of something else. I must get ready for the other side, and you must make yourself master of all the particulars of my various enterprises, for much will have to be done here. Soon you will retrieve your fortunes, and you shall confess how much more satisfactory our labors are than any you have heretofore undertaken.'

I was as usual lifted up above ordinary events by the seductive language of this man. We sat down to examine his several projects. I was surprised to see with what order and precision all his documents were prepared. Certified copies of charters; original patents; searches of title; powers of attorney, which were always 'full' powers in the largest extent; accurate descriptions of property, and so forth, and so forth. It was amazing to witness the readiness and the versatility which Harley displayed in explaining his plans for each particular scheme. This would be brought out by a company under the limited responsibility act. That, he was certain a well-known broker would take up. Another would engage the attention of his solicitors, who would manage all the details. Harley's head-quarters would be at Morley's, then the resort for the majority of Americans in London. The day was consumed in these various examinations. When I rose to go home, I was myself so much elated that I forgot I had quite neglected some important business for a valuable constituent, and that it was now too late to attend to it. Indeed, I had begun to taste the intoxicating sweets which I have before spoken of as a part of the luxuries of the class speculative. My former operations seemed so insignificant compared with what now lay before me. As I walked up Broadway, I looked with some sort of pity on the hard workers pushing homeward.

What a glorious hallucination! What an ecstatic state of brilliant hopes and joys!

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

RALPH HITCHCOCK was a class-mate in college, and I was perhaps more intimate with him than with any other student. He was an orphan, and was adopted at the age of fourteen, and educated by his uncle, who was rich. This uncle had sent Ralph to Europe. On his return, he took up his residence in Cincinnati, and shortly after married a young lady from New-York. He occasionally visited this city, and when he did was invariably my guest. He rose rapidly in

his profession — for he was a man of brilliant genius — but his life was clouded by a great misfortune: the loss of his children. When I saw him last, in 1835, the eldest and only remaining of four—a daughter—had just been snatched away. She was a lovely child, about ten years old. I never saw him dispirited before.

‘My friend,’ he said, ‘they are all gone, and I do not want to live any longer.’ He returned to his home more gloomy than when he left it; and in the autumn was seized with a bilious fever of a malignant type, and died. I was acquainted with no particulars, but supposed my friend’s circumstances were prosperous, for so he had in general led me to believe. And putting away in my heart the recollection of our early and later intercourse, as one of the happiest and saddest of my memories, I little thought another scene out of that drama was still to be presented.

I called on Mrs. Hitchcock the day following the night-scene, which I have already described. I found her apparently pretty well, and quietly engaged with her needle. She received me politely, but without a particle of alacrity or enthusiasm. She exhibited the spectacle of a refined and gentle nature, so broken by a hard destiny as to lose all sympathy with this world’s currents, while she calmly awaited the termination of her fate. Even when I stated my intimate relations with her husband, I could not perceive that her eye quickened, or that her countenance gave any sign of increased interest. Still she conversed freely with me, and gave a clear but condensed account of what had transpired since her husband’s death. It appeared the young doctor had offended his uncle, by going to the West to commence practice, instead of settling in New-York. Ralph was of an impatient and ambitious nature, and believed he could rise more rapidly in that fresh and growing region than in an older place. He was not obstinate, but high-strung. His uncle reproached him for his ingratitude. His reply was, ‘Whoever reminds one of an obligation cancels it;’ and uncle and nephew parted, and never met again. He went at once to Cincinnati, and, as I already knew, married soon after an interesting girl from New-York, and set to work to conquer a position. He succeeded; year after year he sent to his uncle, without word or comment, a certain sum, until he had, according to a liberal calculation, reimbursed the old gentleman, principal and interest, for every possible expenditure incurred on his account. Here was the fault of my friend’s nature, half-noble, half-evil in its origin; a deep and perpetual recollection of a taunt or unjust reproach. Much as we had conferred together by letter and otherwise, and intimate as we had been, Ralph never alluded to any disagreement with his uncle, and I now heard of it for the first time. Affairs went happily with Ralph every way, until his children began to die. He bore up against the repeated blows till, as I have before stated, his eldest was taken. Then it was the world first knew what a sensitive and impressive nature the rapid, energetic medical man carried about under the brusque outside. His heart-strings snapped. In vain his wife, herself in the depths of affliction, sought to console him. It had no effect. And so the fever found in him a most favorable subject, without any nervous resistance, or apparently vital energy. He left but little property beside his furni-

ture and medical library, horses and carriage. For he had lived generously, and like too many professional men, had not counted on what 'after death befalls' the family who are left behind. The widow struggled on for a while, assisted by the usual resource — boarders. 'Matilda' came into the world nearly six months after the death of her husband. She was emphatically the child of sorrow. Unlike the other children, she resembled her father; and from infancy manifested great maturity of mind. With this she exhibited to an unhappy degree the peculiar sensitiveness which was in him so striking a characteristic. She was full of every generous and tender emotion — affectionate and pitiful in the extreme, but proud, quick, violent, and impatient; very passionate too on occasions. Neither obstinate nor wilful, but wayward and fitful as the wind. Mrs. Hitchcock unfortunately had yielded to her imperious temper; the more so as she could see her husband in every burst and outbreak; exaggerated, it is true, but the more striking because exaggerated. After several years of hard work in Cincinnati, the furniture needed replenishing, the rent of the house was increased, two of her best boarders had gone away, and Mrs. Hitchcock was in despair. About this time she received a letter from a cousin in New-York, an estimable lady, as the world esteems people. That is, she was rich; she was a church-member. She contributed largely to several of the city benevolent societies. She was *Presidentess* of one, and a directress in half-a-dozen. She was in fact one of a large class, who, like the Pharisee of old, thank God they are not like other people. This lady had married rather late in life, had been blessed with one child, a daughter; and, as it happened, just the age, within a few days, of the pet lamb of the widow Hitchcock. With all her cold philanthropy, her formal religion, her tiresome deed-work, her labored charities, there was a spot in this woman's heart not quite covered by the armor of self-righteousness and formality. She loved her child. That single, simple outlet from a fearful, arid, unproductive heart, betrayed the existence of a vital point. Her cousin, Mrs. Hitchcock, and she were girls together — were at school together. Then the latter was in a far better position than the now wife of a rich merchant, and was looked up to accordingly. But things had changed. Mary Anne, then a bold and showy girl, had made a 'good match,' and finding nothing to love in a leather-hearted man, twenty years her senior, had fortunately for herself (for she might have laid hold of the other extreme, and disgraced her family) taken to piety for occupation of her leisure hours, ambitiously aspiring to lead the feminine portion of the congregation. Her cousin married too, and left for Cincinnati. Shortly after, Mrs. Hitchcock's father, who was a lawyer, departed this life, and like most lawyers, who are said to 'work hard, live well, and die poor,' left little for his widow, who went to take up her abode with her only child, and survived her husband but a few years.

Mrs. Lemuel Dings, for some reason or other, always kept up a correspondence with her cousin, Mrs. Hitchcock. Perhaps she thought, after all, that the old uncle would relent, and at the last moment leave his fortune to the Hitchcocks. Perhaps the deference the family paid to her better position in society still had a certain influence with her. At any rate, when the really worldly-

minded but professedly pious Mrs. Dings found a visitor which she had talked a great deal about, preached and prayed a great deal about, and professed to have no sort of fear of, suddenly an inmate of her house, lodged in her own apartments, close to what was left of her heart; when DEATH in actual presence presented himself, and took — not her husband, but her child; this poor woman was desolate. After the funeral she went about the house very sad. She found no consolation in those precious promises of Scripture which she had heretofore made such parade of.

After a time she remembered the child of her cousin, how handsome it was when she last saw it, only the year before, during a tour West with her husband. Then she contemplated the idea of adopting that child for her own. It never occurred to her, that her unfortunate cousin would herself be bereft of her only source of happiness, should she succeed in stealing away her daughter. It never occurred to her to let her charities flow in the direction to relieve that cousin, and make her happy *with* her child. Oh! no, not for a moment. But she feared to write, and propose bluntly to receive Matilda, and adopt her as her own. So she sent, proposing that Mrs. Hitchcock should remove from Cincinnati to New-York. She explained how easy it would be with the influence she, Mrs. Dings, could exert, for her cousin to live very pleasantly, and support herself very comfortably there. This letter came at a time when Mrs. Hitchcock was perplexing herself about more furniture, and how to pay a higher rent. The poor woman began to be very weary of life, as she had found it since her husband's decease, and she welcomed the idea of getting back to her native city. So, after some correspondence on the subject, but without settling any details, she decided to come. The few effects remaining to her were sold out, and Mrs. Hitchcock with Matilda took leave of Cincinnati.

Arrived in New-York, Mrs. Dings received her cousin at the steam-boat landing, and conveyed her not to her own handsome mansion in Fourteenth-street, but to comfortable apartments in what is called in New-York a 'tenement-house,' in the Sixth Avenue. Justice to Mrs. Dings compels me to say that the building was new, and of the better description of that class of edifices. It belonged to Mr. Dings, who, it was to be hoped, would not prove a severe landlord. The fact was, Mrs. Dings, considering the situation of her cousin and the very slender means at her disposal, had really calculated judiciously for her; judiciously, but out of a very cold heart. Without indulging in any generous impulse, she had come to the icy decision as to just what was best for such a person, (that is, any such person, 'cousin' out of the question,) in just that reduced situation. She intended — not because she indulged in any kind emotion, but in order, as she said, to live up to a sense of duty — to throw sufficient needle-work in her cousin's way to enable her to support herself. Then, in due time, she would broach the subject of adopting Matilda. Mrs. Hitchcock, though wounded by the course pursued by the charitable Mrs. Dings, had good sense enough to make the best of her situation.

Matters ran along for nearly a twelve-month. Matilda was growing very fast; her mother began to feel how necessary education was for her. Mrs.

Dings, who had watched the progress of events, finally made her proposition at, as she considered, just the right juncture. The widow could not listen to it. But poverty is a great persuader. Ought she, she at length asked herself, ought she to stand in the way of her child's advancement? She decided that she ought not. But how to prevail on Matilda, for her love for her mother was unbounded, while her passionate nature might resist. At length she persuaded her to make the experiment. The child was not insensible to the allurements of a fine house filled with servants, a handsome carriage in which she was to ride, and a large variety of pretty dresses. Her mother dared not tell her she would see her but seldom, and that Mrs. Dings would have in the future entire control over her actions in her place. Well, the change was made. Mrs. Hitchcock kissed her child, and gave her up to the woman who had coveted her so much. She previously had a long and earnest conversation with Matilda, in which she enjoined her by the memory of her father and by a mother's love to curb her impatient nature and restrain her violence of temper. Matilda's promises were interrupted by sobs and hysteric screams.

Three days passed without incident. Mrs. Hitchcock was very lonely, and was beginning to feel she could not endure the separation longer, when late in the afternoon Matilda rushed into the room, threw herself into her mother's arms, and exclaimed: 'I will never go back, I will never go back. The woman wants me to call her 'mother.' She says I *must* call her 'mother.' I will not do it—I will not. You are my mother. I will call no one mother but you!'

This was the *denouement* of the selfish scheme of Mrs. Dings to rob the poor widow of her only child. I am forced to record that with its failure she ceased to take any interest in her cousin's affairs, and soon managed to lose sight of her altogether.

Mrs. Hitchcock did her best to support herself and daughter. The latter had become skilful with the needle, and though impatient of restraint, worked industriously for her mother's sake, yet always manifesting evidences of a proud, haughty, self-willed nature. She would not humbly submit to her destiny; she revolted against it. She became more and more bitter toward the world, and looked with almost hatred on the rich. She delighted at times to go into the streets, dressed as meanly as possible, and watch with feelings almost of malignity the carriages as they rolled along. At thirteen she had acquired nearly the stature of a woman, and her poor mother was sadly exercised about her, since her expanding beauty already attracted the attention of all who encountered her.

Such was the story, which I narrate, from what I heard from the widow, and from facts which afterward came to my knowledge. It appeared Mrs. Hitchcock had never, before that stormy night, been attacked in such a manner. I found she was not in actual want of the necessities of life, but it was evident her constitution was fast breaking down, and that her days were numbered. After gleaning this history, I repeated it to Alice, who the next day paid Mrs. Hitchcock and her daughter a visit. What finally resulted from it, the reader shall learn in due time.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

A GREAT change came over the appearance of my office. From a quiet, retired room, with few visitors, it was transferred into a bustling, active place, filled with people from morning till night — very agreeable people too. They were generally the parties originally interested in the schemes which Harley had undertaken. For, since the Alworthy failure, my friend had thought best to remove his office from Pollock's, especially as he had concluded not to engage with that firm, as he at first intended, in shipping pure spirits to Bordeaux and have it returned a first-rate article of French brandy, to be sold in bond. The consequence was, since Harley expected to leave in a few weeks for Europe, and I was to be so closely interested with him, that we thought it best he should remove to my office, which, by the ready adaptation of a large screen, we easily converted into two rooms.

I now became fully acquainted with the class cyleped 'non-industrial' by severe and rigid people. I recollect being most interested in a gentleman who wished to call attention to the harbor of Brunswick in Georgia, a neglected position, and claimed to be one of the best havens on the whole line of coast. It was proposed to erect a city there in place of the few scattering houses, and make it the *entrepôt* for Georgia pine betwixt the interior and England. This man was very sanguine of becoming a millionaire and of making Harley a millionaire also. He was a liberal, whole-souled fellow, who was possessed of considerable landed property in Georgia, and was desirous to avail himself of Harley's genius to make it available. He lived well: ate good dinners, drank good wines, and waited with patient good-nature for the auspicious day when English capital should cross the water, guided by the extraordinary talent of his friend Harley, (to whom he had given a written contract to share equally,) and should proceed to develop the resources of his native State in a manner serviceable to all parties.

It is quite unnecessary to make mention of the many schemes presented to Harley, which were at once rejected as altogether too visionary or impracticable. One, however, I will allude to, and hope an old acquaintance will pardon me for recalling an instance when his usual good sense and shrewdness forsook him so far that he actually lent a serious ear and a good deal of money toward the construction of a flying-machine. This was first offered to Harley, who rejected it on the spot, but as it promised so much — the ocean could be traversed in a few hours with ease and without danger — it so far found favor in Wall-street as to induce the gentleman just mentioned to put in sufficient money to build one. Delicacy forbids my going into particulars, and telling what became of the machine.

I repeat, my office was now filled with gentlemen, all of whom were about to realize fortunes. The tone of conversation was always cheerful and encouraging; in fact, we had it all our own way. But unfortunately, reader, the more my office became frequented by these sanguine gentlemen of the future, the greater was my distaste for my daily occupation. Listening continually to remarks where no sums under tens of thousands were ever spoken of, and from

these numerals as a minimum up to fabulous amounts, it is not to be wondered at that I became disgusted with the petty labors of a note-broker, wherein my first ambition had been to make five dollars a day. To run about all the morning without success, or if successful, to secure but three or four dollars as the fruit of my industry, became very irksome in view of the large sums I was, it seemed, certain of realizing in the course of a few months. Harley thought it very ridiculous of me to be still digging away at what he called my break-back work. Without exactly withdrawing from my business, I found myself taking less and less interest in it. This was soon perceived by my constituents, and the result can be readily divined. By degrees my business fell off. I was too much occupied to think about it. Indeed it was not long before I was engrossed heart and soul in the various schemes which Harley had under preparation. Possibly the reader will wonder at this avowal. I wonder when I now look back on what I was doing. I had experience. I was fully enlightened on the subject. I may say I knew just what I was about. But for all that, a certain hallucination had possession of me. I can compare its effects only to what is produced by the extraordinary stimulus of wine or tobacco. The conversation of men about every-day affairs became insipid. I lived in a world shared only by my companions in exaltation, and if occasionally I permitted any foreboding of the issue, or any distrust of results to cross my mind, I had only to cheer myself by conversing with some of my friends, who were fully competent to reassure me. Harley had not yet called on me for the seven hundred and odd dollars which he had desired me to retain. He finally said he should not require it till he left for Europe. I was exceedingly prudent with relation to it and took care to invest it on call on perfect security. But the control of the money made me feel richer than I really was, and helped to heighten the day-dream which entranced me.

One thing proved a source of constant embarrassment. I have observed that I was in the habit of informing my daughter as to all my daily plans and various little details of business, interesting only to her in consequence of her intense sympathy with every thing which concerned me. Now, I could not explain to her just what I was doing, and hoped to achieve. Why could n't I? That was the question. Did I not fear that to her clear and unsophisticated sense, child as she was, my hopes and expectations would seem visionary and delusive, especially as I was losing the substance — a sure support from day to day — while I grasped at what *might* turn out indeed but shadow? That was it. And while in a general way I gave Alice to understand that I had undertaken several business matters which promised largely, I no longer talked over affairs with her as heretofore. I grew silent and *distract*. I spent less time at the house with the children, and even when at home, began to feel a nervous restlessness to get back to the scene of so much promise, where I could talk over our plans with Harley, and find in his ever-cheerful companionship a solace against any fear or foreboding. I said my business diminished. It is remarkable how soon the world will discover when a man is not in earnest in what he is about, and deal with him accordingly. Of all occupations, the one I had selected required perhaps the most assiduous attention. The reader will

not be surprised to learn that before Harley got ready to sail for Liverpool I had quite abandoned the occupation of note-broker, or rather, it had abandoned me. And why? I have already explained. Not that my time was really entirely taken up in these new schemes, but because attention to them absolutely unfitted me for any steady occupation, so that I could not endure the tranquil uniformity of ordinary life. But how was I to live, meantime? Even so serious a question did not embarrass me, did not present itself in force or seriously. Oh! in all these various projects, a few thousands must come under any circumstances. I have already five hundred dollars ahead, beside the five hundred dollars of Alice. I can at any time draw for what is necessary on Harley, so he says; and we shall yet have between two and three thousand dollars out of the proceeds of the sale of the old house. At the same time, I insensibly adopted a rather more generous style of living, so that I was soon spending at the rate of two thousand dollars a year instead of fifteen hundred. My friends perceived the agreeable change in my appearance, and congratulated me on my doing so well. Even Mr. Norwood was deceived. He was not familiar with what I was about from day to day, and did not know, and I did not tell him that I had abandoned my original occupation. But his congratulations embarrassed me. It seemed as if I were deceiving him by receiving them. However, things went on pleasantly during the heyday of that speculative dream. I saw plainly I was considered to be in a prosperous way, and I really fancied myself so. If called on for the reason why, I should have waived the subject, for I could not give any.

I took, however, some precautions, although Harley had repeatedly intimated I could rely on him for any thing. I seized an opportunity to explain to him that my embarking in these various affairs quite prevented attention to any regular business. His reply was every way satisfactory. He fully comprehended it, he said, and supposed from what he had already told me, that I distinctly understood he was aware my business would be sacrificed, and he intended to relieve my mind on that head by authorizing me to draw on him, pending negotiations, for what was necessary for the support of myself and family. If the reader could have witnessed the kind manner and appreciative tone of Harley while making this communication, he would not wonder at the effect it produced on me. Nothing could have been more generous, and such confidence did this man inspire by his extraordinary address, that the failure of any one of his plans seemed impossible—that is the word, impossible. I now felt at ease with respect to the future. My days at home were happy again. I was no longer absent-minded or *distract*. Oh! how I did enjoy that period of repose from anxiety and apprehension.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH

It was not till February of the new year (1849) that Harley was quite ready to sail for Europe. His determination to have all his documents in unexceptionable shape before presenting them to the capitalists over the water, led to the delay. But at length every paper was in order. Exemplification of public documents, certified copies from public records, elaborately drawn powers of

attorney duly executed and acknowledged, and all duly authenticated both by the English and French Consuls, ('for,' said Harley, 'I may decide to operate in Paris as well as London,') filled a large, substantial, iron-bound box, to us the true philosopher's stone — the real elixir for transmuting into gold.

Prior to Harley's departure, I refunded to him the money which he had left in my charge and which I knew he relied on for immediate expenses. He would take no interest, although I had received not only interest, but two or three commissions from its employment. He even apologized for touching the money at all. 'You know,' he observed, 'it will never do for me to go out to London in any other character than as a man of wealth. A poor devil is John Bull's special abhorrence. Notwithstanding his severe hits in America, he still believes this is the place to realize fortunes. And on account of his own prudent habits, he can't understand why, if we live like nabobs, we should not be as rich as nabobs are said to be. So I shall take my wife with me to London; hire a handsome-furnished house; open spacious offices in the city; set up my brougham with a spruce tiger in livery, and drive into town at precisely the same moment of time every morning, and leave just as precisely every afternoon. This will show several things: that I am a very independent fellow every way; that I am very punctual as well as punctilious, and therefore a thorough man of business. You shall see,' he added after a pause, in which it seemed as if he were contemplating himself as he descended from his carriage in the neighborhood of the bank, and marched with an easy, much-at-home air into his office, 'you shall see my friend,' he repeated, nodding complacently, 'and that very soon.'

Harley actually left the country to carry out his various plans, including the play of rich man by setting up an establishment, brougham and all, with less than a thousand dollars at command, and with no resources beyond what could be derived from the contents of the afore-mentioned large iron-bound box.

I know the regular business-man will sneer at the ventures of my good friend. For he regards such people as Harley as pests in the community, because they live so much at their ease, and act so charmingly the part of capitalists without having a dollar of capital. And yet this same regular man of business looks at the man of speculation with a species of envy akin to that with which your severely virtuous woman regards the free-and-easy manners of some stylish lady who, her reputation having become a little questionable, has placed herself just outside the limits of severe restriction.

Knowing just what I did about Harley, would you not suppose I trembled for the result of certain drafts I was to draw on him to defray immediate expenses? And yet the subject gave me no uneasiness whatever. Indeed, so fully did I believe in his ability to accomplish his objects, that I forebore to ask him for about two hundred dollars, which I had already expended out of the five hundred laid aside, because I perceived how important the money would be to him at the start.

Harley was particular to put our understanding in writing before he left. By it I was to receive one fourth part of the net profits to be derived from the

various schemes he had undertaken or should undertake in connection with his present trip to Europe. Perhaps it may occur to the reader to inquire how I was to be of use to Harley, at least to such an extent that he should be ready to let me into so considerable a share of the results of his enterprises. I was myself at first a little at loss on the subject, but in getting to be thoroughly informed of all his plans, I saw how important it was for him to have a reliable coadjutor on this side. Beside, I still retained some valuable correspondents there, and I could materially aid Harley in establishing himself.

It was Wednesday, precisely at noon, that the Cunard steamer 'Hibernia' left her dock, with Harley and his wife among the passengers. Mrs. Harley was especially delighted at the idea of 'going to Europe.' She had not accompanied her husband on his previous trip. My whole family went with me to the steamer to see our friends off, for we had become very well acquainted during the winter. The children were much delighted at every thing they beheld, and Alice played the matron astonishingly well. As I bid Harley adieu, it seemed as if I had been well acquainted with him all my life. His cordial, whole-souled 'God bless you!' struck into my heart. We watched the steamer for some time as she worked slowly down into the bay, Harley waving his handkerchief at intervals, all of us returning his signals. At last he was no longer to be seen, and with a parting glance at the ship, we took our way homeward.

I expected to feel lonely after Harley's departure. Indeed, the next morning I found myself quite below par in spirits. On reaching my office, however, some of our friends who were interested in one or the other of the enterprises Harley had in charge, came in, and the day was spent discussing various points relating to them. In the course of the week one or two gentlemen, hearing I was concerned in such negotiations, came to introduce new projects to me, so that my time was quite occupied with examining these and others which now fell in my way.

I have stated that I gradually increased my daily expenditures. Strange, you will say, since I had thus far made nothing at all out of any of these schemes, but on the contrary, had already spent two hundred dollars of what I called my principal. But the future was to be my pay-master, and I trusted to it implicitly. I adopted, therefore, Harley's advice to occasionally invite to dinner some of the gentlemen who were interested in the most valuable enterprises. This threw a cheerful air over our house, and made Alice especially happy because she believed it a sign of renewed prosperity. In return, many were the charming dinners I was invited to at the several fashionable hotels of the city. I well remember one given at the Gloria Hotel by the Georgia gentleman, who was proposing to develop the capabilities of the Port of Brunswick. It was a very delightful set down — ten covers. The bill of fare was printed on satin, commencing with 'Saddle-Rock oysters on the half-shell,' and followed by all the delicacies New-York could afford. The wines and liquors were superb. At that dinner was the agent of a British capitalist, who had come at Harley's suggestion to examine and report on the subject of the property, the facilities

for cutting and transporting pine, and the depth of water at the port of Brunswick. This person was an engineer by profession, not in the permanent employ of the capitalist, but selected for the occasion. Of course it was for the interest of the Georgia gentleman to produce from first to last a good impression. He therefore opened the campaign with the dinner at the Gloria Hotel. This was followed by other agreeable attentions, until both took their departure for the famous harbor.* For our friend was too sagacious to allow the agent to proceed by himself, not that there were any untruthful representations made respecting the enterprise; but the fear was, that other parties, jealous of his good fortune, might get the ear of the Englishman and underbid their neighbor in the price of pine timber lands, of which this particular person certainly had not the monopoly in that district.

In just one month I received a letter from Harley. He had arrived safely with his wife. Had already had a most encouraging interview with his solicitor. All things looked very prosperous. Would write fully next steamer.

From that time forward Harley proved a most regular correspondent. He was a voluminous letter-writer. The least measure of success and every shadow of adverse prospects were vividly daguerreotyped. But there was very little shadow to a man of Harley's temperament, so his epistles were generally inspiring. He was remarkably clear and methodical; to each particular scheme was devoted a certain space, and headed accordingly. Under each head were his remarks, requests, or instructions. Sometimes fresh documents were required for this; more information to be forwarded about that; a new set of papers for a third, and so on. It was not long before something definite appeared to be gradually working out of the innumerable matters in hand. To be sure, John Bull was not to be hurried. Yet Harley understood his character so well that he lost no moment of time. At length a Company was formed under the auspices of his enterprising solicitors for working the Tennessee Copper Mine, 'provisionally' it was true, based on the report of a scientific man, to be sent immediately forward. So far so good. Again a wealthy broker of Austen Friars had consented to send an agent to Lake Superior to investigate the value of the property there, which Harley had offered for exploitation. The California mines promised still better; for all London, Harley wrote, seemed crazy after them.

Those were bright days, indeed, when each successive steamer brought some favorable tidings. Harley had been successful in procuring a delightful house, in which he was soon installed, and his plans were all working to a charm. At the end of two months I drew on him for one hundred pounds to cover (according to agreement) my personal expenses and also certain disbursements made in the course of business. The bill was duly honored, and it is impossible to describe my transports on experiencing this first evidence of success. *There* was something tangible. To be sure, only amounting to what I had disbursed, but it included a livelihood.

* As it cannot at this present crisis interfere with any of the operations of Mr. PARKINSON or his friends, we venture to call the attention of our Government to the natural advantages of this same port of Brunswick, and trust it will not pass unheeded. — EDITOR KNICKERBOCKER.

Harley was meanwhile careful to explain that it must necessarily be some time before *profits* could be realized. He managed, he said, in his various operations, to secure expenses by arranging for a small sum to be raised on the provisional shares; or on the various conventions he entered into. These provided for the expense of examining property and other incidental matters which Harley took good care should cover his expenses and my own. In this way the brougham and tiger were sustained, and a very nice time generally inaugurated for Mrs. Harley, while my own drafts, which gradually increased in amount, were promptly met.

It was not long before Mr. and Mrs. Harley were presented at Court, and soon found their way into society which, had they been born in England, they could never have entered. But as wealthy Americans, residing abroad, whose position was assured by their ambassador, and who stood well financially with their bankers, the *entrée* to fashionable circles was easy and felicitous. There, for the present, we may leave them.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

IN the summer of 1849 the cholera visited New-York. It did not interfere much with rich people. There were certain startling exceptions, however, sudden and sharp, which made the luxurious sensitive as to their hold on life, and induced a general hegira from the town to the mountains or sea-shore. As a rule, it was the poor who were forced to bear the principal burden of the epidemic, as they have to take other burdens grievous to be borne, but which Providence has decreed they *must* endure so long as they live. By the middle of July, the deaths by cholera alone reached one hundred daily. This account soon ran up to two hundred. I felt no great apprehension for myself, but children have an instinctive terror of pestilence, and I began to fear for them. So, early in July I took pleasant lodgings at a small town, in the interior of Connecticut, and remained there until the middle of September. I was happy to be able to aid Mrs. Hitchcock and her daughter to accompany us. In this quiet but delightful retreat I spent two months very pleasantly. I devoted myself to the young people, and glimpses of happier days shone in on me. Matilda appeared more natural than I ever saw her; only she had a nervous fear of the contagion which was at times melancholy to witness. I received my letters from Harley regularly, although my absence from New-York necessarily delayed some matters, and became each day more and more sanguine of satisfactory results.

When we all came back in September, the city had resumed its wonted aspect. Congratulations passed among friends and acquaintances as they met and found on inquiry each others' families with unbroken numbers. Sometimes condolences were tendered instead. But the pestilence had now left us, that was certain, and the inhabitants returned to their business or their pleasures with undiminished zest; indeed, rather with a heightened ardor, caused by a natural reaction.

As I gathered my little family safe around me the first evening of our ar-

rival, I *did* feel grateful to God for permitting us all to live. I called to mind how two years before we had come in from Newport, so suddenly to encounter that calamitous reverse. I could not prevent some severe pangs as I thought over the occurrences of that year; recalled the scenes in my house in Broadway, scenes in which my wife was always in the foreground. I thought of the stormy night, when I came home drenched with rain, to find her waiting for me — a ready, active, sympathizing spirit. How vividly I saw her, with her hand resting on my shoulder, looking anxiously into my face and demanding to know what troubled me. Then the scene changed to the last, sad parting; the melancholy termination of our united life. Oh! the rich, unbounded resources of her woman's heart! Where was she now? And I! What had I still to do here?

I looked up, and my glance fell on Alice. I was impressed for the first time with the fact that she was now a young lady. For the first time, as it seemed to me, I perceived the entire sacrifice she was making of herself to promote her Father's happiness. She was at an age when young girls most enjoy society; when its pleasures are fresh and its enjoyments genial and innocent. But Alice lived without any of these. Her time was devoted to the younger children and to me. It is true she had received invitations from some of our old friends, but she refused them all. For a time Miss Stevenson visited her, and endeavored to bring her out of the seclusion she had chosen; she called several times to ask her to ride. It was of no avail, and the visits were at length discontinued. Alice, evidently, had come to a decision as to her course, and was firm in abiding by it.

I say that I regarded Alice at that moment in a new light. It struck me that I was very unjust to permit her to go on in this manner. 'Alice!' I said. She looked up.

'Come here, my child.'

She came, and seated herself by my side.

'Do you know what I am thinking of, Alice; do you remember two years ago?'

'How can I forget it, papa; the time when you were so unhappy?'

'I know, Alice, but I was not thinking of that. I was thinking of the time when *you* had so much to make you gay. You were just beginning to enjoy society — still a school-girl, but old enough to appreciate what you saw at home. Now, when you ought to mix with young people of your own age, you are shut up here, and are nothing but a drudge.'

'How can you say so, papa; do I seem so stupid and drudge-like to you?'

'No, indeed, but, my child, you are no longer a little girl. You have become, almost without my perceiving it, a young lady, and it is very wrong for me to permit you to be shut up in the way you are.'

'My dear father,' said Alice very seriously, 'I know what you mean; and knowing it, let me entreat you not to bestow one moment of uneasiness about me. For I assure you I think I never was so happy in my life — no,' (she paused as if to consider,) 'not even when dear mamma was alive. It seems as if I had so much to live for; to make things pleasant for you, and to look after

Charley and Anna. Oh! so much depends on me, papa — at least I make myself believe so — that I am very, very happy.'

I could not repress my tears.

'Besides, papa,' she continued, 'do not think I neglect myself. I read a great deal, you know, for you select the books. I practise my music, and you often tell me how much I improve. We have, too, some very agreeable neighbors; not wealthy people, I admit, but who are really refined and intelligent, whom I frequently see, and have pleasant chats with. And now can you not understand why I should be content?'

'God bless you, my child; God bless you.' It was all I could say. I kissed her tenderly, and rose, and went to my own room till I could subdue my emotion. Then I came back to the parlor, tea was brought in, after that we were musical — and so the evening wore away.

The cholera had not passed me by altogether. The next day, as I was going to my office, I learned what was to me very distressing intelligence. Mr. Norwood had fallen a victim to the terrible scourge. He owned a pleasant summer residence near New-Rochelle, and, although there was a good deal of sickness in the vicinity, he did not think it necessary to go elsewhere. He was taken suddenly one evening on returning from town, and in twenty-four hours was a corpse. I suppose I was selfish in my grief at the loss of my only steadfast and disinterested friend. The suddenness of the attack, and the swiftness of the result, appalled me. How full of life was this man! Literally he had been taken away in the midst of his days. I did not know how much I really depended on him till he was lost to me. So it is with us. We cannot appreciate the various props and supports which surround and sustain us till one after another is struck from us, and we are left defenceless. Mr. Norwood dead! was I never more to be cheered by his encouraging smile, nor buoyed up by his kind assurances? No, never again.

I sat an hour in my office thinking over events connected with my intimacy with this high-minded, honest advocate.

Unable to bear longer the sad thoughts which overcame me, I descended to the street. The first person I met was Downer. We shook hands. I never felt so cordially disposed toward him as at that moment. His countenance indicated a good deal of recent suffering.

'Have you been in the city all summer?' I asked.

'To be sure I have. How could a poor devil like me get out of it? I sent my wife and children into Delaware county, among the woods, where they could live cheaper than here, but I had to stay and make something to support them. Thank God I have lived through it. Never had a dispute with my wife before. This time I was determined to have my own way. She insisted on not leaving me; I declared she should. I brought the children into the argument, and that helped to carry the day. The fact is, I knew I should n't die. But I came pretty near it, though. Was taken one night all alone in my house. Well, I lived, and here we are.'

Since I had seen Downer's family, I entertained very different sentiments

toward him. I could fully understand, I thought, his struggles, and the feelings which actuated him. Little did he care for the smooth conventionalities of society when those he loved were ready to perish.

‘So,’ he remarked after a pause, ‘you are out of it?’

‘Out of what, pray?’

‘Why, out of this hell-begotten business. I knew you would n’t stand it long. I knew you could n’t.’

‘Oh! I perceive your meaning now,’ I replied. ‘It is true I have taken up other matters, which I thought promised better. But not because I was disgusted with what I was doing, I assure you. On the contrary, I sometimes have doubts as to the expediency of leaving a business I think I could have made a comfortable living in.’

‘Well, you were doing pretty fair, that’s a fact. But you started at a good time, and had n’t been through one of our hard scrabbles. Then, I tell you, there must some go to the wall. It is the hardest fend off. So, thank HEAVEN that you are well out of it.’

‘If I am *well* out of it, I will. Good morning.’

I turned to depart. Downer called me back. He wore a singular expression of countenance. He hesitated a moment, and then bluntly said: ‘Can you lend me five dollars?’

‘With much pleasure,’ I exclaimed, and I handed him the desired sum.

‘Doubtful if you ever see it again,’ he said with an attempt to be jocose, and he walked rapidly away.

I found I had a good deal on my hands in bringing up various matters which had to be neglected during my sojourn in the country. My former *confrères* soon gathered around me, and I was presently engaged, busily as ever, with Harley’s instructions, with receiving and getting off the agents who were coming out, in laying hold of some new projects, and attending generally to the details of our various enterprises. My mind was again buoyed up with a feeling, which sure prospect of success invariably produces. The reader, who has thus far followed me, as I have endeavored truthfully to recount some occurrences of my life, must not make up his mind too hastily, that I was altogether without decision of character, or fixedness of purpose. It is a dreadful thing to become unsettled after one has passed fifty, and a most difficult thing to recover again. Indeed, it seems to be just a hazard, and nothing more.

You meet a man, for example, you have not encountered for many years. You had lost sight of him altogether. He was formerly an active, enterprising citizen, occupying a prominent position; now he is a complete wreck: that is very evident. But what stress of weather has brought him to this condition? His ship has gone down, perhaps, in very sight of port. From position and influence of a certain kind, having missed his footing, perhaps by no fault of his own, he has fallen clear into the other extreme. Reader, do not forget this class. Try, if it be possible, to do something to relieve those who belong to it. Remember, if you find in them any thing to censure and carp at,

that great have been their trials and misfortunes, and your charity must be proportionably great.

You meet another man whom you had also lost sight of. When you last saw him his coat was threadbare; he was struggling with difficulties; pressed down, harassed; borrowing money to-day, so as to return what he owed for yesterday's debt; jumping from bog to bog—very soon it seemed he would be engulfed. Now, how quiet and complacent he is; how unembarrassed and quite at ease! He has grown stouter and taller and broader. His face is fuller, and his complexion finer. You no longer see any restlessness of the eye, any perturbation in the countenance. He wears gloves, and he takes one off with unction as he shakes your hand. The first individual avoided you, this one evidently courts a recognition. It is plain he has weathered the storm, and got safe into harbor. But it might have been the other man who weathered it, and this who went down. Rejoice, therefore, with the one who is snug and safe in a fair haven, and lend a helping hand, if you can, to the one struggling among the breakers.

It is comparatively easy to write the history of our lives, but oh! who shall write the history of the lives we do *not* lead! I mean the lives which our youthful aspirations, our tastes and our hopes, marked out for us. The lives, perhaps, which we are just ready to enter on when a cruel destiny overtook us. Ah! who shall dare to write that history!

END OF PART SECOND.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE DEBATE BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE : OR THE ANCIENT HEBRAIC IDEA OF THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION. With an Essay on the Literary Character of TAYLER LEWIS. Andover: WARREN F. DRAPER.

IN our judgment, the most profound and conscientious thinker in this country is TAYLER LEWIS, LL.D., at present Professor of the Greek Language in Union College. We record this as our earnest and deliberate conviction. Those who read his 'Faith the Life of Science,' and his 'PLATO against the Atheists,' were quite ready to welcome his 'Six Days of Creation.' Starting with the grand idea that 'Science commits suicide when it separates itself from religious belief,' Dr. LEWIS proceeds in a stately and logical march onward, to the utter discomfiture of two classes of persons, to wit: the avowed infidel, and the dough-faced Christian, who spends his time in seeking some apology for the lack of geological and other knowledge exhibited in the Scriptures. To these people TAYLER LEWIS is *Anathema Maranatha*. He offends the cherished pride of opinion of the one, and the red-tape Christianity of the other. Of course both these classes are exceedingly stirred up. Both have attacked Dr. LEWIS with so low and vindictive a display of venom, that they fall to the ground, carried down by the weight of their own malice. Really, we see no reason for any reply to these people, and believe the best way to deal with such pompous but shallow critics is to leave them alone. The anonymous author of 'The Debate,' manifestly is not of our opinion, but has entered the lists in defence and vindication of Dr. LEWIS and his works. He has done this in the volume before us (a book of four hundred and thirty-seven pages) with a great deal of heartiness and very considerable ability. The book is not well put together; it lacks from the beginning to the end clearness and simplicity of arrangement. One must be careful in reading it, not to get confused and a little mixed up with the positions of the several various controversies, and so forth; but we repeat, there is much ability displayed throughout, and, what is always important in such a volume, much earnestness. Still TAYLER LEWIS needs no apologist in this land. He soars far beyond the harmless shafts of the Andover Theologian, or the infidel scientific professors of the Universities. He may with confidence, like BACON, leave his name to 'foreign nations and the next ages.' The former long since did justice to it, and it gives us pleasure in this connection to quote some paragraphs from the 'London Review' for July, in its notice of this same work:

'PROFESSOR TAYLER LEWIS, LL.D., was for eleven years, from 1838 to 1849, Professor of Greek and Latin Literature in the University of New-York. Since 1849 he has been Professor in Union College, Schenectady. He has addicted himself to the study of philosophy and theology no less than of classical literature, and has added the mastery of Hebrew to that of Latin and Greek.

'The last hundred and fifty pages of this volume are occupied with an Essay on the Literary Character of TAYLER LEWIS, who is held in profound admiration by the anonymous author.

'The author says that COLERIDGE and DE QUINCEY, though in respect of the fragmentary character of their writings, they afford a good parallel to TAYLER LEWIS, are in learning, logic, and intellect too inferior to be brought into comparison, and that the only writer with whom TAYLER LEWIS can be classed is PASCAL. As respects COLERIDGE, he makes this striking remark, that, although 'he has put forth a widely-felt and still extending influence, more so in this country than in England,' yet 'in its last analysis, his philosophical speculations are brilliant failures to reconcile principles not fathomed with doctrines not believed.'

'It is much to say — but we confess that the extracts given from his writings seem to us almost to justify the enthusiastic devotion with which LEWIS has inspired his defender and panegyrist. We have met with few passages more nobly eloquent, or more distinguished by true and deep philosophy, than some of those with which this portion of the volume is enriched, and we earnestly wish we could have transferred the greater portion of them into these pages. Some of them are peculiarly appropriate to the present condition of thought and state of theological controversy in this country. Indeed, had the series been selected with a foresight of 'The Essays and Reviews,' and in order to counteract their teachings, they could hardly have been more exactly adapted to that end. How profound, how true, how seasonable are the thoughts in the following noble passage on 'The True Idea of God.' (The Reviewer cites the whole of this: pages 312-315.)

'It is possible,' says the author of this volume, 'to arrive at the conviction that revelation proceeds upon the idea of a preceding revelation, and upon the idea that there are certain moral truths known to man which it merely conforms and enforces,' (page 32.) There is at the end of the volume an excellent passage illustrating this sentiment, given from LEWIS, from which we quote the concluding portion. (The Reviewer cites from pages 432, 433.)

There are some admirable pages on the 'Law of Progress' peculiarly worthy of study, but which will not admit of fragmentary quotation. They are in disproof of 'the doctrine of eternal rectilinear progression as commonly held,' which LEWIS maintains is not true of man, either physically or morally.

'The immediate occasion of the present volume is, that Professor LEWIS has published a treatise on 'The Six Days of Creation,' which has been 'severely handled by certain critics.' His anonymous disciple and admirer steps forward — unknown to Professor LEWIS himself as to the public at large — to vindicate his hero's theory. Prof. LEWIS's treatise undertook to demonstrate the perfect and literal harmony of the Mosaic record of Creation with the principles of geologic science. 'It gave a masterly exposition of the nature of Scriptural language on natural subjects,' professed to furnish a strict and scientific analysis of the essential ideas which belong to the word *Day*, and to show that that word could be used with exact propriety, and that from the very text and context of the record itself, it can be shown that in the record of creation it is used to denote cycles of time of a certain description. In this way it professed, 'philologically to establish that the cycles of creation were indefinite periods; it also undertook to show that the language of the sacred writer is consistent with the position, and indeed, would be most naturally interpreted as teaching that 'Creation, as revealed, is a supernatural work, carried on by natural agencies, through indefinite times;' and that 'such was the ancient oriental idea of Creation,' from which the western and modern mind has strayed away, and thus brought the whole language of the record into confusion, and rendered it discordant with science and with fact.

'The volume before us is intended as a vindication of the theory from the criticisms of Professor DANA and BARROWS, but it is also intended to be in itself a supplementary treatise, evincing more fully the harmony of Professor LEWIS's interpretation with all the facts of geology and with the geological cycles, and also to explain how the true idea of Creation, the key to the interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, came to be lost.

'It is an exceedingly suggestive volume. There are occasionally subtleties of distinction which seem to be exceedingly unprofitable; there are abstruse speculations, too, respecting 'a primary substanceless substance,' which will find few followers, but there is much deep thought and impressive writing. Both LEWIS and his vindicator would seem to be, after a sort, Platonic realists, but they hold their realistic views in combination with a spirit of reverence for the Divine revelation and of faith in its strict and assured truth, such as we have scarcely found paralleled in modern writings of a high scientific or philosophic class.'

EDWIN OF DEIRA. By ALEXANDER SMITH. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1861.

It is a beautiful thing to sit down to a fair, melodious, romantic poem; a true Nineteenth Century Trouveur *lai*. No matter that its scene is laid like a fairy tale in the twilight of history — no matter that the lords and ladies all think and speak as no old heathens ever did, but in a beautiful, moral, poetic dialect like that which would be spoken by apotheosised literary folks — it is a fine poem and sweet reading. Such is 'Edwin of Deira.' Make the best of it, dear reader. This war has a little revived the old Romance, but its day is over. Stern research is bringing up knowledge of history, and only a few years will see all such lays, despite their beauty, dead-forgotten, and they will seem as naïvely ignorant to future readers as do the romances of the Kings of Bantam and Syria, and Mononopta, once so popular two centuries ago. It is all very much like reading a ghost-story, or sitting through a fine melodrama of the Fair One with Golden Locks. The coming poetry which alone will find favor is to be that of Nature — it is inevitable. But for this very reason we regard SMITH's musical legend not severely, but with a very tolerant eye, and even with real pleasure; just as we read ANDERSEN's and GRIMM's Stories.

The poems which suggest themselves by comparison to 'Edwin of Deira,' are Cottle's 'Alfred' — far less poetical but more truthful as a picture — and 'Griselda' by the German. Neither are much known now, but the comparison is suggestive. Something should, of justice, be said of the sweet flow of rhythm, the many happy similes — some original, and many reëchoing old chords — and the unexceptionably interesting plot. It is pleasant to read, very pleasant, and to those who have no theories of progress, in poetry or in thought, will be doubtless a dainty treat. There have been many, more or less like it, and there will possibly be a few more. It would bear quotation to a degree which, if samples could prove any thing, would induce a large sale — which it indeed deserves as being devoid of decided defects, and sprinkled with many brilliants. In fine — read it! It is quite as agreeable a book to kill an hour as the average of novels.

REBELLION RECORD: Nos. 27, 28, 29, 30, and 31. Second Volume. Bull Run Part. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM.

In this collected volume, we have more than one hundred and fifty pages, closely printed octavo, devoted entirely to the Bull Run Battle, and embracing every document of any importance which has as yet appeared in relation to it; the whole illustrated by an excellent map. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of these numbers, either to the future historian, or to those persons of the present day who would be fully informed as to the war. Mr. PUTNAM and his editor FRANK MOORE continue to deserve our thanks for this appropriate and admirably edited publication.

THE ANARCIAD. A New-England Poem, written in concert by DAVID HUMPHRIES, JOEL BARLOW, JOHN TRUMBULL, and DR. LEMUEL HOPKINS. Edited with notes and appendices by LUTHER G. RIGGS. New-Haven: THOMAS H. PEASE.

SOME fourteen years before the end of the last century, Hartford, Connecticut, was the residence of a select circle of wits and scholars. A large number made such a mark upon the literature of the country as entitled them to honorable mention in more than one department of history. These 'Hartford Wits,' as they were termed, at one time, and at the suggestion of Colonel HUMPHRIES, published in the New-Haven *Gazette*, and between the years 1786-7, a series of poetical papers which attracted much attention, and are constantly mentioned in all complete accounts of American poetry.

The 'Ananbiad' is satirical and grotesque, but rises more than once into true dignity, while we constantly feel in it the minds of gentlemen and scholars hardened and sharpened by the rough and recent experiences of the Revolution. It was published at a time when the storm of war was followed by the heavy after-swell of disorder and unsettledness, rising at times even to threatening insurrection. The biting satire of many of these fragments had its effect—it was the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* of its time, and though it has long slumbered in oblivion, the historian has not been ignorant of its power.

As might be expected there are many passages in the 'Anarciad,' peculiarly appropriate to the present time when another war for the soundest principles of union and freedom, and all of man's best rights, is raging over the same fields. The following extracts fully illustrate our assertion:

'STAND forth, ye traitors! at your country's bar!
Inglorious authors of intestine war!
What countless mischiefs from their labors rise!
Pens dipped in gall, and lips inspired with lies!
Ye sires of ruin, prime detested cause
Of bankrupt faith, annihilated laws;
Of selfish systems, jealous, local schemes,
And Unioned empire lost in empty dreams!
Your names, expanding with your growing crime,
Shall float, disgusting, down the stream of time;
Each future age applaud th' avenging song,
And outraged nature vindicate the wrong.'

'Ye wanton States! by Heaven's best blessings curst!
Long on the lap of softening luxury nurst!
What fickle frenzy raves! what visions strange
Inspire your bosoms with the lust of change,
And frame the wish to fly from fancied ill,
And yield your freedom to a monarch's will?'

'What madness prompts, or what ill-omened fates,
Your realm to parcel into petty States?
Shall lordly Hudson part contending powers,
And broad Potomac lave two hostile shores?
Must Alleghany's sacred summits bear
The impious bulwarks of perpetual war?
His hundred streams receive your heroes slain,
And bear your sons inglorious to the main?
Ere death invades, and night's deep curtain falls,
Through ruined realms the voice of Union calls;
On you she calls! attend the warning cry:
'Ye live united, or divided die!''

'Awake! my chosen sons, in folly brave!
 Stab Independence! dance o'er Freedom's grave!
 Sing choral songs, while conquering mobs advance,
 And blot the debts to Holland, Spain, and France —
 Till ruin come with fire and sword and blood,
 And men shall ask where your Republic stood!'

'Sister of Freedom! heaven's imperial child!
 Serenely stern, beneficently mild,
 Blest Independence! rouse my sons to fame,
 Inspire their bosoms with thy sacred flame!
 Teach, ere too late, their blood-bought rights to prize;
 Bid other GREENES and WASHINGTONS arise;
 Teach those who suffered for their country's good,
 Who strove for Freedom, and who toiled in blood,
 Once more, in arms, to make the glorious stand,
 And bravely die or save their natal land!

'E'en he, at that moment when eternal night
 Rolls darkening shadows o'er his closing sight,
 Shall feel, 't were better on a plank to lie,
 Where surging billows kiss the angry sky;
 'Twere better, through a furnace, fiery red,
 With naked feet, on burning coals to tread —
 Than point his sword, with parricidious hand,
 Against the bosom of his native land!

'Where is the spirit of bold freedom fled?
 Dead are my warriors, all my sages dead?
 Is there, Columbia, bending o'er her grave,
 No eye to pity, and no arm to save?'

'Yes, they shall rise, terrific in their rage,
 And crush the factions of the faithless age;
 Bid laws again exalt th' imperial scale,
 And public justice o'er her foes prevail;
 Restore the reign of order and of right,
 And drive disunion to the shades of night.'

'Go, search the field of death, where heroes, lost
 In graves obscure, can tell what freedom cost, . . .
 No friendly hand their gory wounds to lave,
 The thousands moulder in a common grave.'

It will be found on examination that the 'Ananbiad' while indispensable to every complete collection of American poetry, and claiming a place on account of its historical value in every public library in the land, has also not a few intrinsic claims to merit. We return thanks to the editor, Mr. RIGGS, who is, by the way, himself no indifferent poet, and trust that his patriotism and literary labor will not fail to meet their just reward. For the benefit of those desiring this work we would mention that it may be obtained by sending fifty cents to the publisher, who will mail a copy to any address on receipt thereof.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By CHARLES DICKENS: Illustrated by DARLEY AND GILBERT.
 New-York: J. G. GREGORY.

We hold in reserve a fuller examination of the literary characteristics of this last by Boz; but in justice to the public would state that while the demand for the work has been extraordinary, with regard to the times, no edition published either in England or America, can be in any respect compared to this either as regards paper, typography, binding, or illustrations. If the latter be scanty, they fully atone for quantity by exquisite superiority of quality.

WRINKLES FROM THE BROW OF EXPERIENCE, AND OTHER POEMS. By JAMES WOODMANSEE.
Cincinnati. 1860.

ECCENTRICITY and grotesqueness, spiced with much originality, but modified by too many approaches to vulgarity and coarseness, are the characteristics of Mr. WOODMANSEE'S 'Wrinkles.' To this we might add the objection that a continual harping on the old texts of 'Know thyself,' and 'All is vanity,' blended with much dull orthodoxy in several very serious poems, are not enough to furnish *thought* at the present day to educated readers.

The following are favorable specimens of Mr. WOODMANSEE'S 'Wrinkles.' Of folly, he says :

'She heaps God-daring mountains to the sky,
And they shall fall upon her, by-and-by;
She is forever like the lightning-rod,
Aspiring heaven to feel the bolts of God.'

The following suggests walking in the tracks of one LONGFELLOW :

'Renown is Life's own true sublime
Soul's footprints left in Sands of Time.'

The next — like a score of others — suggests old quaint reading, recalling QUARLES' 'Emblems,' forgotten epitaphs, and almanac rhymes, and the arguments in SPENSER'S 'Fairy Queen.'

'The sea-shell whispers on for aye,
Of worth it once possessed;
So doth Renown perfume the name
Of Fame's departed blest.'

The Tongue,

'Without leg-travelling, goes pell-mell,
And flies without a wing;
Iniquity on fire of hell,
And deadly is its sting.

'This Earth is but a hollow globe,
For all to ring and see
What SOLOMON sighed out to find —
An empty vanity.'

There are many minor poems in this volume which we have read with real pleasure, and should have enjoyed much more had it not been for the frequent recurrence of such semi-familiar tones as

'A meteor's glare, a flying feather,
One shoots, one bursts and — gone forever.'

Mr. WOODMANSEE has been so unfortunate as to be heavily over-praised by many friends, all of whose puffs are modestly reprinted in this volume. We fear that SAMUEL ROGERS, when he termed 'The Closing Scene,' the 'Paradise Lost of America,' had in mind COLERIDGE'S verdict on KLOPSTOCK — 'a very German Milton indeed.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WHILE we write there is trouble between the Administration and General JOHN C. FREMONT, in relation to the famous Slave Proclamation of the latter. We need not say that we speak as millions would in expressing regret for this difference. That FREMONT steps somewhat beyond 'the law,' that it is ahead of Mr. LINCOLN's Inaugural, that it is inconsistent with this and that, has been most forcibly and truly pointed out by the *New-York Times*. But are we to say with that '*basta?*' We trust not — from our very soul we trust not. The whole country, excepting the Peace poltroons, and others who are smeared in the secess-pool of treason, recognized its overwhelming *expediency*, and that right or wrong, it was the only effectual means to 'smash the South.' When such snarls, such contradictions occur in diplomacy, *Genius* manifests itself by a judicious 'arrangement:' by retaining the good, and evading the bad. But *how* to do it? Ay! there's the rub. A LOUIS NAPOLEON would probably find out 'how' in short order.

It is possible that we do the Administration injustice, and it is of course very certain that those err who, judging from old but unfortunately familiar political precedents, see in this a desire to effectually prevent FREMONT from becoming our next President. We can all remember how TAYLOR was treated in Mexico, but it would be rather too bitter to believe that such jealousies are now a-field. If they were, they would not emanate from Mr. LINCOLN. It is possible that the whole affair is already arranged, and that FREMONT knows where he stands better than the world imagines.

But whether JOHN C. FREMONT has acted well or ill as a general, whether he has been Americanly accessible to visitors, whether he has wasted money, or badly filled his appointment in any way, is not what we here propose to discuss. It is the principle of Emancipation, as set forth by his Proclamation; this, and this only, which now makes him a representative man before our people. He may sink or swim — that will not in the slightest degree invalidate the question, whether the principle of Emancipation set forth by him should be adopted, during this crisis, as a national measure.

As regards the mere legality of the act, discussion is little less than preposterous. In such times as these, especially in such 'situations' as those in which the Border Western States are now placed, Martial Law — the law of the strong hand and the blue sword — should control every thing. If pleading and replication rebutters, surrebutters and adjournments are to be intro-

duced into the tented field and embarrass strategy, why, then, the sooner we give up fighting the better. But where there is a will there is a way. If the Administration has the will, or if the American people choose to show that they have one, the way will be found, and that right speedily.

The great argument which is at present urged against using 'Emancipation for the sake of the Union,' and as the only effectual means of ending the war, is, that it will totally alienate the doubtful men, and especially all the slaveholders on the Border, many of whom, it is contended, are loyal. Perhaps a more preposterous argument, if we come to facts, was never employed. It is the old rigmarole which we all heard chanted, *ad nauseam*, last spring, over 'faithful old Virginia,' and 'gallant Maryland.' The Virginia fortresses must not be occupied — oh! no; it would shock the sensibilities of the gallant tobacco-farmers entirely beyond recovery. JOHN TYLER — the minimum of all Presidential smallness — remonstrated, with treason in his heart, and a lie on his lips, against suffering the guns of Fort Monroe to be pointed 'land inwards' toward Virginia! And so to preserve this precious fidelity, this Punic faith and Gipsy conscience, we *did* neglect every thing. Much we made by it! Maryland would gladly have served us the same trick, but we were too near and too strong. 'There are not,' said a Marylander lately in our office, 'ten loyal men at heart in the State.' And yet, after all this experience, we are willing to play the same game over again, to conciliate possible patriots in the West. 'He who is caught once,' says the Spanish proverb, 'is unfortunate; he who is caught twice is a fool.'

There are no 'loyal' slaveholders, no Union-loving negro-sellers. Long ere this every man who has sense enough to form an opinion, has formed it, and ranked himself on one side or the other. The South felt from the beginning the power which might be derived from this trickery of pretending to be undecided, and played it with great adroitness. Under this cover, secession pilfered and stole down to the very last moment, and by its means we are even now being cheated, harassed, and weakened. There always has been a tag-rag, bar-room, and gambler party in the North, whose 'prominent proclivities' always led them toward the slasher-gaff and cock-tail paradise of Dixie, and they are feebly seconded by a handful of those ten times more wretched renegades, the sneaking, bargaining, white-livered, white-feathered tin-peddlers of the Peace Party, who 'think that the war has lasted any how 'bout long enough,' and who would go on their knees to the enemy to reëstablish 'trade' with them. These men are still hoping and working for conciliation. Above them are the patriotic but unthinking ones who regretfully believe that there must be inevitably two republics; opposed to 'giving in,' yet constantly exclaiming that we can never conquer the South. Above all are the well-meaning persons who, having walked their life in 'political,' constitutional, and conservative paths, cannot for their very lives and souls force themselves to look the tremendous facts of the day full in the face, and master the inevitable struggles into which we are being precipitated. These good people — and most of them are very good, well-meaning people indeed — persist in walking straight toward a precipice, declaring that it is all level, all perfectly level; and that all is coming out right and square as possible. They are all suffering from the old BUCHANAN blindness; they regard 'extreme' measures as our late President did, with a

silly, doltish smile, and treat cancers as he did — with rose-water and procrastination.

It is evident enough that all of these Disaffected or Dawdling men — these literal incapables, who have never been able to grasp the great questions of the day in their modern light — will all, sooner or later, coalesce into a more or less Southern Conservative party, to be opposed by a far more vigorous, powerful, and intelligent one, which latter is as inevitably destined to crush out the former as day is certain to succeed to night. This party, in the opinion of BURGESS of the New-York *Courier*, will bear the name of Emancipation.

'The Emancipation party will be the attacking party; it will have the advantage of young blood, of reinforcements from the outs, of all who have been disappointed by the party in power, the vim and venom of the newly-made converts, the extremists of the Republican and the Democratic parties, of the old Pro-Slavery men and the Abolitionists *pur et simple*.'

It will, we may, however, add, be in no case whatever an 'Abolition,' or an *ultra* party. Its doctrines exist already fully formed in the minds of the great mass of the American people, in a resolve to quench this war by Emancipating the slaves in the Border States, not *especially* for the benefit of the negro, or solely out of humanity to him, but simply to put an end to a battle which otherwise bids fair to be unending, and a source of incalculable misery to both South and North.

It is very evident that the Emancipation party will be the Republican still more republicanized — more consistently and intensely *democratic*. It will embrace all who understand the glorious questions of Free Labor and Education; the men of Progress and of Action, who know what society is capable of becoming, if its forces are only properly managed. The sympathies of the great masses of the North and West will be with it — *it will hold the votes*. And while this war continues, every wave in it will only serve to wash the opponents of Emancipation into the position of enemies of the country, of dough-faces, sympathizers and Tories. We may rejoice, however, for the sake of all that is good and great, true and earnest, that the Conservative party is drawing to a head. The sooner it shows itself in all its reactionary colors, the sooner it will be put out of the way. Let no one reproach the Emancipationists with introducing an element of discord into the present Union party. They have always been an unit, have been universally recognized as the characteristic element of the North, and as the strong, consistent advocates of Constitutional liberty, and of Republicanism as opposed to the Southern Aristocratic Anti-Mud-Sill doctrine. Let this be borne in mind, for it is not more clear that water quenches fire than that the Emancipationists have been most desirous of crushing out this war by single, straightforward, energetic measures. It is the Conservative who interferes with its prosecution.

The mass of this country are not 'Abolitionists,' but they are no more blind than are all intelligent Europeans to the fact, that Slavery, at best, is 'a pity,' that it is a curse in the Border States, and that these latter would advance incredibly if freed from it. It is popularly said among them, that had it not been for 'Abolition,' Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky would long ago have been free. They would not encounter war and ruin for the sake of experimenting on the possibility of making the black happier by setting him free; but

when it comes to such intolerable insult, arrogance, robbery and murder, as the South has afflicted us with, they are quite willing and ready to retaliate by the only certain method, of fully humbling the pride of our foe — by proclaiming Emancipation.

It is said by the Conservatives that we can never subdue the South. But if we can weaken a foe, we can do any thing. In what does the whole strength of our foe consist? Simply in slaves, and this fact is set forth most clearly by the Southerners themselves, as shown in the following extract from the *Mobile Advertiser*:

‘THE total white population of the eleven States, now comprising the Confederacy, is six millions, and therefore, to fill up the ranks of the proposed army — six hundred thousand — about ten per cent of the entire white population will be required. In any other country than our own, such a draft could not be met, but the Southern States can furnish that number of men, and still not leave the material interests of the country in a suffering condition. Those who are incapacitated for bearing arms, can oversee the plantations, and the negroes can go on undisturbed in their usual labors. In the North, the case is different; the men who join the army of subjugation are the laborers, the producers, and the factory operatives. Nearly every man from that section, especially these from the rural districts, leaves some branch of industry to suffer during his absence. The institution of Slavery in the South alone, enables her to place in the field a force so much larger in proportion to her white population than the North, or indeed any other country which is dependent entirely on free labor.

‘The institution is a tower of strength to the South, particularly in the present crisis, and our enemies will be likely to find that the ‘moral cancer,’ about which their orators are so fond of prating is really one of the most effective weapons employed against the Union by the South. Whatever number of men may be needed for this war, there must be no holding back until the independence of the South is fully acknowledged.’

From which it appears plainly enough that it is four million of black slaves whom we are at present fighting, and that without these, Southern opposition would not be worth mentioning. The cravens and curs of Maryland and Virginia, who were all such wondrously warm Union men while under the strong hand — ‘false, foul and fair’ — are a type of the whole race, demoralized by ‘nigger’ owning and petty tyranny. Strike, then, one strong blow, and the friends of Secession will all turn into beggars for Federal office. We know them of old, despite their braggadocio. It is not true that the South will never come back. The South is too treacherous and too pliant, too Medieval and mulatto-like, not to kiss ardently the hand which it cannot cut off.

It was in the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE that *Emancipation for the sake of the Union* — and of the White Man — was first consistently presented and upheld. We were the first to insist on it as the arm to which we shall infallibly be reduced if we wish to conquer in this war. Among the many childish arguments which have been addressed to us by irritated dough-faces, is the would-be significant reminder that President LINCOLN’s authority does not extend below Mason and Dixon’s Line!! Really. Perhaps those who hold this view may be able to inform us what the result would be of bringing Emancipation down to Mason and Dixon’s? Quite enough, as we imagine, to free the Border States; quite enough to start such a stampede and send such a thrill of fright through the South as would provoke a terror without bounds.

But when is this to be done? It is getting to be time to attend to it. Our army is, as we all know, of course invincible, notwithstanding some little mis-

takes at Bull Run, Lexington, and other places, and the threat of the enemy to winter in New-York, Philadelphia and Washington, is, naturally, enormously preposterous. Still, as nothing is certain in this world, it may be that disasters of the most tremendous description *may* be inflicted in some way on us again. People in just as strong positions as we, have been astonished in just the same way — quite as unfortunately, according to all the improbabilities. Should all this take place, perhaps it may occur to some gentleman who has lost every thing, perhaps relatives with fortunes, that a little less scruple about legal and constitutional rules, in the times of *martial law*, and in the days of life and of death, might have been rather timely than otherwise.

On this subject we may commend to our readers the following extracts from a speech by Hon. M. H. CARPENTER, a Democrat, of Milwaukee :

'CAN the South learn nothing from the lessons of history? Or has God decreed the destruction of slavery, and does HE propose to accomplish it through the madness and folly of slaveholders?

'If the South expects that we are much longer to fight this war with kid gloves, longer to send armies to the South, but strictly watch them to see they do not *much injure* the South, she is sadly mistaken. The powers that be may say so, wish so; but the rising determination of the North, the absolute imperious necessities of self-existence are impelling things forward where secretaries of war and smooth-faced officials cannot stop the course of events by crying: 'Respect all the rights of Southern property.'

'If this state of affairs is long continued on the part of the South, armies will march in that direction with the express purpose of *injuring* the South. This rebellion is not in strict conformity with the Constitution! and the South may find there is an unconstitutional way to suppress it.'

But these views are not confined to isolated instances. *All over the North and West, there has been manifested the most determined and enthusiastic admiration of Fremont's Martial-Law Proclamation*, and that in such a manner as to leave no doubt that a tremendous majority are in favor of the views which it embraces. Old politicians, feeble Unionists, the dregs of our cities and the wash of kitchen-cabinets, may decry the measure; editors, who will be the first to hop the fence when the great majority becomes more apparent, may trim their sails just now to the conservative wind; but wo to them all when the roaring tempest of Emancipation comes down from the North and West. Then it shall be remembered who were the dough-faces and palterers and reactionaries — who were the Tories of the Great Struggle for Freedom.

PRECAUTION. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. With a Discourse on the Life and Genius of the Author. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Illustrated from Drawings by DARLEY. New-York: W. A. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY.

ONE by one the splendid row of COOPER's Novels, illustrated by DARLEY, approaches completion. Happy those who can master all the gems of literature in such a form. There are persons to whom a clumsy *brochure* with three or four sheets loose is quite as readable as any other volume; we have even heard of men who would 'cut' the leaves of an expensive book with the finger! But those who feel a sunshiny pleasure in reading a fair and noble volume will be glad to read COOPER as we find him here.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — There were two little twin-boys once in a small town in 'Old Onondaga,' who used to go, moist hand-in-hand, across lots, (pleasant paths, with blackberries and 'ros-berries' in 'em too, along the fences,) two miles and a half, to the Presbyterian meeting-house, to hear the Gospel y'preached by one of the best and most simple-minded, and almightiest BORES that ever wagged his head in a pulpit, and knocked his 'Seventeenthly' out of the faded red cushion, into the heads of his hearers. In the winter, though, we used to ride in a two-horse sleigh, sitting by MOTHER, with our young feet on the foot-stove, with its blue-purple punctured top, hot and nice as could be, from the live beech and maple coals, covered over with ashes for safety, so as not to set the sweet-scented hay afire. We had ginger-bread and cheese for dinner, to be partaken of between the sermons at the neighboring deacon's, spreading wide around the big fireplace, with glowing faces, what time we devoured the same. In summer, it was not so pleasant in the 'meeting-house' during divine service. Long doctrinal sermons, in hot weather, are 'dry work' — to preacher as well as to hearer. You look off upon the shimmering green fields; listen to the stamp and whinnying of the horses under the shed, the singing of the locusts in the shade-trees, and the drone of the parson; and you become 'dry as a remainder-biscuit:' then you slake your thirst, doubly acute from the heat of the weather and the drouth of the discourse, from a pail of water standing in the porch: of cedar, 'blue without, white within,' the white bubbles rising from the bottom broken by a tin porringer. In far less time than we have taken to write this, came crowding these reminiscential thoughts into our mind as we perused the subjoined pleasant epistle from our old friend:

'MY DEAR CLARK: Alone in my little library this cool, quiet Sunday night, I sit musing, soothed by the grateful fragrance of a genuine 'Havana.' The family has not yet 'returned to town,' and that solemn yet pleasing sense of loneliness is upon me, which sends the mind 'way backward upon the ocean of life toward the point of departure. Out o' doors the crickets sing with mournful cadence the requiem of departed summer, all (as MACE SLOPER profoundly observes) in time and tune. How more than any other sound in nature does that 'cricket chirp,' carry us back to those days when the world was all before us; when life had a future to which we boys looked forward with hope and pride and joy. Another song, too, than the cricket's falls upon my ear. The choir in a near church is singing the Doxology to 'Old Hundred,' and that calls up some of my early trials. It tells me that the Parson has been long-winded this evening; that he has occupied more than his share of the allotted time; that he dislikes to put a long hymn to the already long service, and so finishes up with the Doxology compromise. I wonder how many little fellows have been trying to keep their eye-lids from weighing down through the 'heads' and tails of that long, dull, dreary discourse. Did you never pull them open, my dear CLARK! and fix the eye-balls on some particular lamp-light with a savage determination? Ay! and did they not the next minute drop, drop, drop; drawn together with a force quite discouraging, and persistently shutting up, like the once closed petals of the passion-flower, when you try to reöpen them? *Apröpos* of sleeping in church, I will relate an incident of my boyhood's career.

'Early in life I was committed to the care of a guardian uncle, JOHN, a Presbyterian parson of the bluest sort. My father, a brave, good man, died in the prime of his age,

and left my mother with a small portion of this world's goods, and seven children, of whom I was the oldest but one. Uncle JOHN, who preached in a village some miles distant from our home, offered to take me and to rear me as his own. The offer was accepted, and I, with my wardrobe, was duly transferred to the domicile of that worthy relative. The children had been brought up in the Episcopal Church, and I soon learned that whatever doubts may have existed with regard to other children, my total depravity was a foregone conclusion. The second day after my arrival, my uncle presented me with duplicate copies of a set of rules for the regulation of my conduct. They exceeded the Ten Commandments in number, there being twelve of them in all. One copy of this precious document was to be posted in my bed-room, and the other in a little work-shop, a shed adjoining the house. My aunt, a thin, sour-visaged, over-pious, childless woman, heartily seconded my uncle in his laudable endeavors to 'take my feet out of the horrible pit and miry clay.' So between the two, I did have a jolly time, I assure you. In those days 'pulpit bronchitis' had not been invented, and ministers were expected to do three sermons every Sunday. To all these I was expected to listen, and by way of pastime, to attend 'Sabbath'-school at noon.

'One warm, close summer-night, when the sermon was unusually dry and prosy, in spite of all my exertions, the leaden eye-lids would weigh down, and my tired senses would steep themselves in forgetfulness. 'T was vain to contend! Nature triumphed, and the usually joyful amen fell that night, at least, on one unconscious ear. The opening of pew-doors, the bustling noise of the people on their egress, the putting out of the lights, the closing of the church, all failed to awaken me, and the sexton turned the key on one lone sleeper. How long I slept I shall never know. But I well recollect the gradual gathering together of my scattered senses, and that some moments elapsed before I could realize my whereabouts. When finally I became fully aware of the fact that I was locked up alone in that horrible old church, I shut my eyes again and shrunk back into the corner of the pew, as if I would hide myself from some body's sight. With many struggles, I at last mustered courage sufficient to move out into the aisle and meditate on a way of escape. The windows were too high for me to reach, and too heavy for me to lift if I could have reached them. The door was locked beyond all hope of egress by that outlet. Groping around with a dim hope that some way of escape would be opened up, my hand came in contact with some object that yielded to the touch, and was gone. The thought of a ghost from the church-yard, taking a nightly walk through the old church, sent the blood with a thrill to my heart, and electric sparks with a tingling sensation to each particular hair on my head. The bell-rope was the innocent cause of my trepidation, and when my hand again came in contact with it, my plan of escape was perfected instantaneously. Seizing the rope as high as I could reach, and throwing on it the weight of my body, I felt the ponderous bell slowly yielding to my force, and then its iron tongue and brazen lips gave forth a sound that went booming away among the silent hills and valleys, awaking the echoes far and near, and starting the frightened villagers from their heavy slumbers. Again and again did I swing it around and ring out its awful tones. All the fear which so oppressed me at first had vanished, and I laughed with delight when I thought of the consternation I was producing, and the wild running to-and-fro and asking of questions which no one but myself could answer. I knew that some of them would sooner or later come to the church to learn who was ringing the bell, therefore I dropped the rope and crouched behind the door awaiting the event. Soon I heard foot-steps and voices outside, and among the voices that of the sexton. The key turned in the lock, the door opened, and a dozen or so of the village people came feeling their way slowly into the house. The night was pitch-dark, and I slid out unperceived when the last of the party passed in,

and striking across the fields at a slapping pace, soon reached the parsonage. My uncle and aunt — with an itinerant embryo parson, who was at that time quartered on us — were in front of the house, and I had no difficulty in slipping in the back-way and reaching my little room in the attic. To shed my Sunday suit and 'turn in' was the work of a moment, but not a wink too soon, for hardly were my breathing organs in condition to counterfeit sleep, when I heard the stealthy step of my aunt at the door, and I felt her presence there, standing, candle in hand, listening to my slow and measured breathing. A minute, and she cautiously pulled the door to and retired.

'Next morning, at breakfast, the theme was of course the alarm of the previous night. I was soundly rated and called a sleepy-head for not having been awakened by all the noise. My knowledge of the affair I always kept secret, and if this meets the eye of your readers in that village, they will learn for the first time who rung the bell on that memorable night.'

THE annexed telleth its own tale. Friends of Mr. RUSSELL may take out their pocket-handkerchiefs :

De Tymes hys Correspondente;

BEING HYS VERITABLE HYSTORIE IN A FEWE RHYMMES.

Whereinne ye authorre givethe hys intentionnes.

'T is of ye writterre for ye TYMES,
A scribblere knowne fulle welle;
I sitte mee doune inne humble rhymmes,
Hys hystorie toe telle.

Concerninge ye birthe-place of ye TYMES hys Correspondente.

Inne Dublinne towne hys youthe he passed,
Alle inne thatte wond'rouse isle;
Where PATRICKE toades and frogges outecaste,
Where alle are free from guille.

Howe hee gotte hys educationne.

Wythinne greate Trynitie's stonne-walles,
Hys educationne gotte;
As longe as fundes were atte hys calles,
And stopped whenne theye were notte.

Howe hee soughte toe fille hys pockettes.

Butte fundes hee knewe thatte hee muste have
Toe carrie hym throughe lyfe;
Soe 'gan hee lyke a soldierre brayve,
Toe arme hymme for ye stryfe.

How hee proceedede toe learne ye arte of warre.

Hee cutte hymme firste a greye goose-quille,
Hee cutte itte fyne and sharpe;
Thenne sette hymselfe with readie wylle
Toe 'Carpe' and 'Counterscarpe.'

Of 'Forte' and 'Bastionne' redde hee thenne,
Of 'Towerre' and 'Gabionne' too;
Till bettere thanne alle othere menne
Ye arte of warre hee knewe.

Howe he wente toe ye warre as ye TYMES hys Correspondente.

Thenne wente hee oute to Brytayne's warre
Wythe Brytayne's soldierres bolde;
And whatte hee hearde and whatte hee sawe
Alle inne ye TYMES he tolde.

Howe ye Brittonnes were muche elatedde wythe ye Tymes hys Correspondente.

Thenne all cryed oute: 'A prophette here,
A prophette have wee founde;
And one whoe hathe notte anie feare
Of anie manne around.'

Howe hee slewe ye redde-tape dragonne.

Hee mounttedde onne hys grey goose-quille,
And lyke thatte GEORGE of elde,
Ye redde-tape dragonne foughte toe kille,
Untill ye beaste hee felled.

Howe hee returned home agayne.

Ande whenne ye tediousse warre was o'er,
Hee gat hymme home wythe glee;
Wente forthe untoe hys natyve shore
Acrosse ye boundlesse see.

Howe hee wrotte a booke.

And whenne hee hadde gotte home hee wrotte
Ye storie inne a booke,
And pockettedde fulle manie a groate,
For well ye storie tooke.

Howe hee wente to ye coronationne.

Nowe inne ye mightie Northerne lande,
Where rules ye Northerne beare;
A coronatione was atte hande,
Ye scribe hee muste bee there.

Hee wente hymme forthe toe greate Moscove,
And there ye feaste hee sawe;
A pageante greate itte was I trowe
As neverre was before.

And howe hee wrotte for ye Tymes.

And alle ye tayle ye scribe wrotte downe,
Alle for ye newspapere,
Thatte all ye folks inne Londonne towne
Whoe coude notte see — might heare.

Of rumoures of warres.

And nowe straynge rumoures 'gan toe comme,
Rumoures of deadlie fight;
Of Brittonnes drivenne fromme theire home
Toe flee withe sore afrighte.

Beneathe ye sultrie Indianne sunne
Suche monstrouse wickedde deedes,
Suche fearefulle horrors there were donne,
One trembles as hee redes.

Howe ye Tymes hys correspondent wente to ye warres.

Forthe wente ye valiente soldierre menne,
And RUSSELLE forthe wente hee;
And armed withe hys trustie penne
He sayled acrosse ye see.

And wrotte toe ye Tymes.

And homme untoe ye Tymes hee wrotte
Fulle manie a tayle fulle sore;
Of alle hee sawe he tooke hymme notte,
And for alle I knowe — much more.

Ye ende of ye warre.

For manie monthes ye soldierres foughte
Beneath ye Indianne sunne,
Untill ye rebelle chiefs were caughte,
And thenne ye warre was donne.

Howe ye scribe became tired, and longed for homme.

Fulle tired I weene ye scribe was he
Of travaylle and of toyle,
And longed he atte hys homme toe bee
Upon hys natyve soyle.

Howe hee returned to hys natyve lande.

Hee satte hymme downe inne peace toe wryte
Beneathe hys owne figge-tree,
Nor wist eftsoons anothere fighte
He destyned was toe see.

Hee heares agayne ye notes of warre.

Butte soone hee heard acrossse ye lande
Ye trumpette notes of olde,
And wythe hys trustie penne inne hande
Wente forthe thysse scribblere bolde.

Hee goes to Italie.

Toe Italie's fayre sunnie playnes
Hee wente hymme forthe betymes,
And fromme hys burninge littel braynes
Hee pictured alle her crymes.

Hee returnes.

A fewe shorte monthes and back he flew
To Englannde's foggie coaste;
Quite thankfulle thatte ye warre was through,
And hee not made a ghoste.

Howe hee talked to ye peopel.

And rounde amonge ye peopel wente
Ye Correspondente wyse;
And oh! ye monie thatte theye spent
Toe heare hymme, would surprise.

Newe soundes of warre fromme across ye oceanne.

A yeare passed by, and thenne there grewe
Acrossse ye oceanne wyde,
A fearfulle sounde, and welle hee knewe
Ye whyche itte didde betyde.

Louderre itte grew, untill ye roare
Was hearde fromme pole to pole;
Throughe everie lande, onn everie shore
Its echoes soone didde rolle.

Of ye greate Americanne civile warre.

A nationne splitte inne verie twayne
Bye fearfulle civile stryfe,
Till theye whoe hadde beene friendes amayne
Now soughte eache otheres lyfe.

Howe ye Tymes hys correspondentte settes sayle for America.

Uppe rose ye scribe in haste, and flew
Untoe ye bigge steame shyppe;
And cryed: 'There's worke for mee toe doe,
Bolde captayne lette herre rippe!'

Ye shippe shee sayled fulle faste I trowe
Acrossse ye oceanne tyde,
Norre paused untill herre ironue prow
Hadde touched ye other syde.

Howe hee arrived inne America.

Ye scribe hee 'gan hymme strayte toe goe
Untoe ye bigge hotelle,
And chuckled thatte noe manne didde knowe,
He was ye greate RUSSELLE.

Howe hee was welcomed.

Butte soone there came a merrie bande
Untoe hys chamberre wyde,
And welcomed hymme wythe outestretched hande
Untoe y^e Yankee syde.

And invitedde toe a dinnerre.

Thenne toe a monsterre dinnerre muste
Y^e Correspondente goe,
Wythe Irishe friendes, whoe bye a buste
Theire friendliness would showe.

Howe hee wente toe Washingtonne.

And nexte hee wente to Washingtonne,
Stille onne hys errande bente;
And there hee dyned wythe manie a one,
And sawe y^e Presidente.

And thenne travayled Southewarde.

Thenne forthtoe y^e Southerne lande
Y^e Correspondente fledde,
And whatte hee sawe onne everie hande
Wee inne y^e Tymes have redde.

Whyche continuethe hys travayles.

Fromme towne toe towne hee hurried onne,
Fromme State toe State hee flewe;
And wysshed hys journeye itte were donne,
Soe fierie hotte itte grewe.

Hys opiniune of y^e inhabitants and y^e climate.

Hee sayed theye alle were warlyke menne,
And verie harde toe beate;
Their handes were verie stronge, and thenne
Their legges were verie fleete.

Howe theye treatedde hymme well.

Theye dyned hymme and theye wyned hymme
Wythe y^e sparklinge champayne juice;
Hee tolde themme notte toe mynde hymme,
Butte hee founde itte was no use.

Theye wyned hymme and theye dyned hymme,
Theye treatedde hymme fulle fayre;
Theye filled their goblettes toe y^e brimme,
And dranke till none was there.

Of hys ingratitude

And thenne untoe y^e Tymes hee writ —
A wickedde scribe was hee —
Thatte Southerners were juste y^e fitte
For a Prince fromme overe see.

And base slanderes.

And whenne y^e scribe hadde mayde retreat
Untoe y^e Northerne syde,
Hee shooke y^e duste fromme off hys feete,
And y^e Southe hee didde deryde.

Of y^e battelle whyche y^e scribe didde notte see.

And soon a battelle fierce was foughte,
Y^e scribe hee hurried onne,
Butte whenne untoe y^e fiede hee gotte
Y^e battelle itte was donne.

Howe hee tryed toe see it.

And yette y^e scribe had ridden at speede,
All inne y^e deade of nighte,
For muche hee wysshed y^e worlde myghte rede
Hys hystorie of y^e fighte.

Whyche gyves a lettere fromme y^e Tymes hys correspondente.

And now juste as a specimeune,
Toe ende these lengthie rhymes,
I give a lettere fromme y^e penne
Of y^e 'writerre for y^e Tymes.'

Y^e LETTERE.

'BULLE RUNNE July y^e twenty-firste,
Welle! here I am, alle righte;
And juste returned from wytnessinge
Y^e famouse Bulle Runne fighte.

'There was no fighte, there was no Bulle,
Unlesse itte mighte bee mee;
And I the onlie manne to runne,
At leaste thatte I coulede see.

'I satte mee onne a dystante hylle,
Fulle fyfteene myles awaye,
Thatte I mighte see y^e soldierres kill
Iffe anie came mye waye.

'I hadde a branne newe telescope,
And a bottelle of olde Porte,
Wythe sandewytches, inne case I founde
Y^e provendere ranne shorte.

'And soone I sawe a monstrouse crowde
Fulle fyfteene myles away;
And cannon there were roaringe loude,
And muskettes inne fulle playe.

'I satte mee there fromme earlie dawne
Untille y^e settynge sunne,
And thenne I thoughte thatte certaynelie
Y^e battelle muste bee donne.

'I sawe no fighte, butte I muste write
As iffe I sawe itte alle;
Thoughe reallie I doe believe
Therre was no fighte atte alle.

'And thysse itte is mye judgemente,
Afterre carefullie studie mayde,
Thatte one syde is a coward,
And y^e othere is afrayde.

'I wysshe you woulde lette me come home,
I'm tyred of alle thysse bustle;
I wysshe no more y^e worlde toe roame:
Yours trulie BILLYE RUSSELLE.'

THE following are actual extracts from the Irish '*Hue-and-Cry*,' a sort of Police Gazette, published at Galway, Ireland:

'MISSING, JANE O'DOHERTY. She had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair, and tortoise-shell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back, which squints awfully.

'A reward of £5 is offered for the apprehension of MIKE O'BRIEN, who on Tuesday last stole the jackass with a pair of corduroy breeches, with blue eyes and a short pipe, and is very much given to swearing, and has his shoes down at heel.

'Absconded, PHELM, TIMOTHY, AARON, PHIL, and PADDY BLAKE, of Roscommon Jail, who broke into the turnpike, and carried off two pounds and six sucking-pigs in silver and copper, with a canary and a bull-dog, who had frieze-coats dreadfully given to bad language, and a wheel-barrow that cannot look you in the face without winking, and ten shillings will be given for each of their apprehensions.

'Lost, a Tom-cat, the property of Miss SANDERS, that was last seen going over the roofs of the houses in Holy-street, and is supposed to have dropt down one of the chimneys.

'Stolen from a house in Liverpool, a lady's *plain gold* ring, set with *one* large rose diamond, surrounded with eight lesser diamonds, all in silver; not transparent.

'Lost a cow, by MILES MAGEE, of Dernaholier, County Leitrim, giving milk with two short cocked horns!'

Is n't that 'Irish all over?' - - - WE all of us laugh, at one time or another, at very foolish things: and sometimes, with a remembered sense of forgotten 'propriety,' or temporary abnegation of 'dignity,' we lament that we should have 'unbent' so thoughtlessly. 'Ye fools and blind!' is not this all a mistake? To be sure, a man *always* laughing, a 'Funny Man,' as he has come to be called; a man straining his poor thin brains to accomplish a miserable pun or an over-labored witticism; *such* a man is the very greatest of human bores. 'O, L. G. C.!' writes a Chicago friend, 'when I compare that varied contrast and natural succession of humor and pathos, which you and I love so well; such as flows, for example, from 'Brother S——'s polished and fertile pen; with the wretched attempts at mere word-play and pointless 'fun' of which we see so much now-a-days, I begin to think that we have 'fallen upon evil times,' and that 'laughing philosophers' will soon be as rare as flowers in January. The CHARLES LAMBS and THOMAS HOODS have vanished from England, and PHOENIX and SPARROWGRASS disappeared from our own journals. Nevertheless, some there be in whom the old spirit has not altogether died away.' *Genuine* wit or humor, provocative of unaffected laughter, is a great promoter of *True Cheerfulness*: and of *that* a good-natured 'down-east' contemporary well says:

'TONICS, stimulatives, medicines! There's nothing in all the pharmacopœia half so inspiriting as a cheerful temper. Do n't fancy yourself a victim! Do n't go through the world with a face half a yard long! Do n't persuade yourself that every thing happens wrong! My dear Sir, *you* are the only person that is wrong, when you say that this is all a world of trial and trouble! It is a great deal better to be without an arm, or a leg, than to lack cheerfulness! Whenever we see a man sighing, and bilious, and despondent, about any thing and every thing, we know he is out of 'gear.' Cheerfulness is all he wants. Let him put on the spectacles of his merry-hearted neighbor, and it is wonderful what a different complexion the world will wear! No matter how thick and fast vexations may come — there's nothing like a bright little ray of the soul's sunshine to disperse them. Counted in dollars and cents, your wealth may be but a paltry sum, but if you have a cheerful temper, you are rich!'

THE Major in Texas is again welcome, to receive the sympathies of those youth who cannot form the angles of their elbows into the tyrannical formula of shooting on the wing. Listen:

'On the ~~U~~ting.

'BY THE MAJOR IN TEXAS.

'In Camp: off Matagorda.

'DEAR KNICK: Your correspondents spin excellent yarns, they do so; but make way for this gun a moment: An unavoidable delay occurred in the arrival of our army provisions, while our company lay encamped at Indianola; and in the interim we

philosophically concluded to enjoy ourselves as best we might, not knowing how soon a chance bullet might send us whizzing into the land of shades.

'Camp was a short distance out of town, by a huge tank of stale rain-water, which was of that peculiar virtue that makes the bottle a relief. When we grew weary of cigars and watching the lazy Texans, and diminutive Mexicans driving their outlandish teams, we betook us to the water, like other amphibians, to refresh and rejuvenate the outer man.

'Talk about Newport, Rockaway, and Cape May! Give me the silver strand of Matagorda Bay, where the waves have just sufficient spirit to lave one in refreshing billows, without unmercifully expelling the breath, as if the ghost of your worst enemy rode upon the wave. No, no! I like none of your horrid breath-compelling batheries, at least not further south than the thirtieth parallel, for if one had there to buffet the waves as you do at home, many of us poor cusses would lay down to it, and let the billows swallow us up, *nolens volens*; for you well know susceptible spirits partake of the lassitude of unstrung nerves in an enervating climate.

'But I started to tell you of my initiation in shooting 'on the wing.' One morning I awoke, my olfactories permeated by what I thought must come next door to Jove's ambrosia, and rising, I found our whole camp breakfasting on broiled grouse — every sinner!

'Being a stanch churchman, my first impression was, that our camp, like the Israelites' of old, was peculiarly favored on account of our pure religion; and this miracle of grouse was the next thing to a harvest of quails. But I regret to be under the necessity of informing you, on mentioning my supposition to our revered Chaplain, he placed a *somewhat different construction upon it*. I was at length brought to understand this was the annual grouse season, and the prairies for miles around, were alive with the luscious insect,

"Captain B——," said I, turning to my chum, who I knew enjoyed the reputation of being a splendid marksman, "I shall certainly die if debarred the pleasure of shooting in your society."

"Certainly, *caro mia*;" and I caught the slightest shadow of a knowing glance exchanged around. "My dogs, and hunting paraphernalia are at your service, Sir; but — ah! — are you *au fait* on the wing?"

"On the *what*?"

"On the wing; you surely understand the technical terms of the Christian science of sporting. You don't mean to confess you are such a barba —"

"Oh! no, certainly not; but I have not had much practice since I left West-Point."

"Ah! no. It is not to be expected you *have*. I regret to say for the glory of our country, grouse-shooting is not what it *should* be at West-Point; but, undoubtedly, among your studies was included the 'Sportsman's Code of Etiquette'?"

"With a blush that yet tingles my cheek, I was forced to humiliatingly confess I was ignorant of the article.

"And is it possible your education has been thus sadly neglected? But I pity you from my heart; I deeply commiserate your unhappy plight. *Entre vous*, though, *pauvre ami*, I can give you the quintessence!"

"Talk of drowning men clinging to straws! they never clutched at them with more avidity than did I at Captain B ——'s disinterested advances.

"Sporting etiquette, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, is an arbitrary institution. What Ordeals were to ancient Britons, the Inquisition to Spaniards, Ostracism to the Greeks, is Etiquette to sportsmen. But the gist of all is embraced in this axiom: No sportsman ever *presumes* to take the life of an innocent, harmless bird, those feathered spirits of the aerial world, except through the humane contingency of

shooting on the wing. My conscience invariably reproves me for having *eaten* birds brought into camp by the *canaille*, for I know they have been murdered *sang froid* by those cursed pot-hunting Texans. Comprenez le sujet ?

‘‘Oui, Oui!’’ responded I, my heart half in my throat.

‘‘Any officer, any *gentleman* presuming to take the life of a bird otherwise, would be arraigned by an organized court-martial for downright, cold-blooded, deliberate *murder*; convicted by the blood of his victims; tarred and feathered with the coat of the palpitating flutterers, (than which I can imagine nothing more horrible,) and summarily expelled from camp. I shall be most happy to attend you personally with my dogs to-morrow at sunrise.’

‘I would not like to depose under oath I rested well that night! Morning dawned but too soon. Old Sol abruptly poked his jocund face, writhing in derision through the bluish-purple mist, laughing at me. Only the dew pitied me, and it lay in heavy pearl-wreaths on the high musquit grass, minding me of my true-love's tears. I, being in a devout mood, was repeating to myself that portion of the Litany which ends, ‘Good LORD, deliver us!’ when who should slap me on the shoulder but Captain B——, with an uncontrollable grin on his countenance, equipped ‘*a tout côté*’ for the *sport*. Jumping within a pair of fathomless boots, which I devoutly hoped *would* swallow me up, we shouldered each a choice ‘WESLEY RICHARDS’ double-barreled,’ and sallied forth.

‘I was plunging on as if my worst enemy was on the trail, when, ‘Hist!’ from Captain B——, arrested my impetuosity. ‘They scent the game,’ whispered he, pointing to the dogs; and there stood a couple of as fine English setters as ever you saw, standing, their foot elevated, leering around at their master. Snapping his fingers, they dashed under cover, and flushed a covey of as pretty birds as ever lifted your eye.

‘Bang! bang!’ went the Captain’s gun, and ‘bang! bang!’ echoed mine; he brought down birds at every shot, and I brought down—not even *feathers*. This scene was repeated again and again, like an ‘old wives’ story,’ until the Captain got hilarious, and I got doggedly sullen. Finally my companion strayed off, and I wandered on, neither knowing or caring whither, except to get out of sight and hearing of any mortal.

‘*Tout-à-coup* I came to a stand-still. ‘This will never do!’ exclaimed I; ‘I shall be a laughing-stock for the whole camp. Captain B—— will make a martyr of me, and I shall be black-balled sure as fate.’ This solo, mind you, was *executed statu quo*, on a boundless Texan prairie; my chin resting on my gun; the long musquit grass waving around me in billows of nauseating motion; while above was one hemisphere of calm, clear, sunny, cloudless day. Oh! for a vestige of a cloud, ‘no bigger than a man’s hand;’ oh! for a hurricane; an incident; any thing to interrupt, to intrude upon the horrid sameness. There is unnatural silence of earth, the prognosticator of earthquakes, and when the spirit of man bows to and confesses that a crisis in his destiny is at hand. But I roused myself, and shook off all the gentle monitions of my ‘better nature,’ loaded, primed my piece afresh, and started forth to *fetch an incident*.

‘Suddenly I came upon a sight that made my blood run cold. Down, snugly nestled in the grass, was a group of from fifteen to twenty grouse, the prettiest things I ever saw. I abruptly halted—to call the dogs! I believe the Prince of Darkness had whistled them off. I gently breathed, ‘Sheu!’ *pianissimo*. I thought of Captain B——, and I said, ‘I must shoot them!’ I thought of the Code of Etiquette, and swept the horizon once more with a *coup d’œil*. Solitude and silence reigned supreme. There was no one to tell the tale. Perhaps some little blue-eyed ones we wot of might have whispered, ‘God sees you!’ but the little blue-eyed ones were n’t about. Then followed another strong ‘tussle with the inner man,’ and would you believe it of me, dear KNICK, I deliberately drew trigger and coolly *murdered* ten of them!

'They were dead. I took up the poor flutterers one by one, whispered my remorse and contrition in their dying ears, stroked their rumpled feathers, kissed them, and put them gently into my empty game-bag. Since then I have purchased an exquisite statue, a Parian Diana, as an oblation to the 'Code of Etiquette!'

'After strolling around for a half-hour, I came within hearing distance of the Captain's gun.

'Hallo, scholar! what luck?' shouted my tutor.

'Infernal luck,' responded I; 'out of forty or fifty shots, I have only bagged ten.'

'Bagged ten! why, you ungrateful heathen, I never heard of such luck before, for a beginner! I'm proud of you; you do me honor; why, you have a handful of trumps, man! Ha! ha! how you will ride over their heads when you return to camp! *Entres vous*, my brave fellow, we were all going to have a grand inquisition at your expense: all rutable in war, you know, but you have made a miraculous escape of intended honors — not sorry, eh?'

'Can't say I *am* — *very*,' replied I, being very modest.

'*Nous verrons*: I am in a hurry for breakfast, and broiled grouse is not unpalatable when one knows *legitimate game* is set before him!'

'Oh! the stings of conscience! I verily believe that *legitimate game* will be the death of me yet!'

Major, sleep none the less soundly. That *ex voto* statuette of DIANA shall absolve you. - - - It is, comparatively, but a very little while since the following beautiful ODE formed one of the literary exercises of 'Class-Day' at Old Harvard. The accomplished author, then unknown to us, has since, in several well-written and very instructive and entertaining prose papers, made himself widely acceptable to the readers of this Magazine:

ODE:

BY OLIVER SHEPARD LELAND, NEW-YORK.

Air: 'Fair Harvard.'

In the clime of the olive the bold cavalier,
Ere he leaves the dear home of his youth,
As he prays to the Virgin to bless a career
Which he pledges to Honor and Truth,
Takes a leaf from the laurel his fathers bequeathed
And breathes his heart's dearest desire:
On the brow of the son may that laurel be wreathed
Which was won — which was worn — by the sire.

As *we* gather a flow'ret — our last — from the tree
Which our hearts' warm affections entwine,
And fade on the echo, o'er hill-side and lea,
The lingering notes of 'Lang Syne,'
We will hope that the flower our foot-steps may bless
May be with us in joy and in gloom;
It will bloom with new life in the hour of success,
It shall blossom and wave o'er the tomb.

A dream of the Future is dazzling our sight
As we start on Life's perilous way,
And sun-beams are glancing their rays of delight
To lead our rapt senses astray;
Our eyes would fain linger on each fairy hue,
But a sigh all unbidden will start,
And a tear, which we cannot repress, blot the view,
As we sorrow to think that — *we part!*

The spell must be broken that binds us in thrall,
Thy magic veil severed in twain;
Thy mists of enchantment, dear Mother, must fall,
The beams of thy day-star must wane.
And though our emotion we seek to conceal,
They seem like a sadly sweet knell,
Those sighs which the depths of our sorrow reveal
As we mournfully bid thee — *Farewell!*

Ah! 'those pleasant college-days.' - - - L. G. R., of New-Haven, (Conn.), sends us the following amusing account of 'A Methodist 'Brother' Cured Forever From Lying, when a Little Boy:'. At a Sabbath-School Anniversary, held recently not a thousand miles from New-Haven, in Connecticut, a number of anecdotes, with appropriate 'morals,' were related, to the infinite amuse-

ment of 'the children.' It was on this occasion that 'Brother GEORGE K——' narrated a personal reminiscence, setting forth in terms eloquent the manner in which he was 'cured of lying.' We give the story as nearly in his own language as we can recollect. 'When I was a 'little shaver,' about as big as some of the boys I see before me, I lived to hum with father and mother, way down in New-Hampshire. (New-Hampshire's a big place, boys!) Father kept cows, he did; and every night, after school was out, father used to send me way off into the lots to fetch the cows, (perhaps some of these boys have fetched cows, some time.) Well, one night father sent me after the cows, and I did n't go straight after them, as I ought to have done; but I went and played with some other boys. (Children, when your father and mother send you after cows, go immediately and fetch them, and don't stop on the way and play, as I did.) Well, I played with the boys till it got to be dark, and then I began to think about going home. But I darsent go home without the cows. So I went to the bars, and looked into the woods, but it was so dark I could n't see the cows. So I ran home as fast as I could. But I did n't want to tell father that I played till it was too dark to find the cows, so I resolved to tell a lie about it. I ran into the house as fast as I could run, and pretended to be frightened most to death. (Father and mother were there, and little brother JOHN; and father's hired man, and lots of folks.) 'O father!' said I, 'I seed a great big bear down in the woods, in the lot with the cows!' 'Oh! no; I guess not,' said my father. 'Yes; I did see a bear,' said I, 'and he liked to eat me up!' 'That's impossible,' my father said. But I stuck to it that I'd seen a bear; and father's hired man, who sat there, began to help me out. He said: 'I believe you did see a bear, GEORGE; it was a big black bear, was n't it?' 'Yes; a big black bear,' said I. 'And it had long shaggy ears?' 'Yes; great long shaggy ears.' 'And a large flowing mane?' 'Yes; a large flowing mane.' 'And he had a long shaggy tail that reached clean down to the ground?' 'Oh! yes, oh! yes! that's what he had!' And then father and mother and they all began to laugh, all but little brother JOHN. But I did n't see any thing to laugh about. Pretty soon, when we was going to bed, little brother JOHN (who was younger than me, and who used to lisp) said: 'Broder DORGE, do n't you know that you made an awful b'under 'bout 'e b'ar?' 'No, JOHN,' said I, 'what was it?' 'Why, you said 'e bear had a long shaggy tail; and do n't you 'member 'e picter in 'e 'pellin'-book, where 'e b'ar's got a *ettle short stump tail*?' And this cured me of lying! I never told a lie before; and I have never told one since.' - - - In these war-like times, when commanders of all grades, and subordinates in their degree, must be supposed to 'keep their place,' and not exceed their credentials, the following capitally-told story will not be lost upon our readers, military or other. It is from the London 'People's Journal,' and is an amusing specimen of '*The Retort Courteous*:'

'WHEN Lord —— was Governor-General of India, the 117th regiment (I give this cipher because such a regiment never was seen in Bengal, and I do n't choose to give the real number) was quartered at Fort-William.

'Lord —— was a very good man, probably a very great man, but he was a sad tyrant, and sometimes was apt to fancy that, instead of the representative of royalty, he was royalty itself. This was a mistake which occasionally led him into errors.

'Now, Colonel S —, who commanded the 117th, was about as good an officer as ever wore a pair of epaulettes; the regiment under his command, one of the most distinguished in His Majesty's service, were proud of him, and loved him dearly; because, although he drilled them daily till they almost fainted, he never suffered any one to pass a slight, or do any thing against the corps that he commanded. He is now a K.C.B. or G.C.B. Few officers have better deserved this often ill-bestowed honor. Colonel S — is a soldier; as the world expresses it, 'a soldier every inch of him.'

'My Lord —, who, by the by, was a civilian, ordered a grand review. The troops were drawn out on the Esplanade. The day was burning hot. The Governor-General could see from his vice-regal mansion that they were awaiting him. His Excellency chose to remain longer than usual at *tiffin*: the troops, having drooped for nearly two hours beneath the lingering rays of a tropical sun, were nearly worn out, when Lord — came prancing out to look at them. It is a great honor to be looked at by a great man; so the troops presented arms, and the officers dropped their swords. In a moment, however, the eagle eye of Lord — beheld a flag, stiff, bolt upright. He instantly dispatched an aide-de-camp to command that it should be lowered. Colonel S — respectfully declined, on the score that it was the king's color of the 117th regiment, and could only do homage to a member of the royal family.

'Am I not the representative of majesty?'

'You are, my Lord.'

'Then I desire that that flag may be lowered.'

'I extremely regret, your Excellency, that I am compelled to decline complying with your order. The king's ensign can only be lowered to royalty itself.'

'Sir, I insist —'

'My Lord, I will not give an order contrary to the rules of the service, and the directions given me when I had the honor of being placed at the head of this gallant corps.'

'You shall repent this disobedience. I shall instantly refer the question home, and if you are wrong, I'll have you dismissed from the service.'

'The enraged Governor-General, thwarted for the first time in his life, galloped back to his palace, where his anger considerably impeded his digestion. The 117th regiment marched into Fort-William, well knowing they had made a dire and powerful enemy.

'During the twelve months which elapsed for an answer from Europe, no officers of the marked corps were invited to his Excellency's banquets. Many petty slights were shown them; in a word, they suffered all the little grievances which superior authority can, when it chooses, inflict.

'At length the answer came. Colonel S — was right. He had acted strictly according to regulations; but a request was conveyed to him, that in future, *as his Excellency seemed to make a point of it*, he would lower the king's color to the Governor-General.

'Each considered he had gained a triumph; and the 117th were marched down to Calcutta again, to prove before the world at large that Lord — was to receive a bow from a red and blue flag, yecept the king's colors.

'A review was ordered. The salute was given, and all went off well.

'That evening the Governor-General gave a grand party. He as usual commanded the band of the European regiment in the fort (the 117th) to be in attendance; it being the custom, in those days, always to strike up 'God Save the King' the instant the great man emerged from the drawing-room; occasionally, 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes' was thrown in as a delicate compliment, while a flourish of trumpets announced each course in succession; and the military musicians delighted the ladies during the meal with several pretty airs.

'On the evening in question, Captain C—— (the aide-de-camp) stepped out of the room, and audibly pronounced, 'His Excellency.' This was a signal that Lord —— was handing down the first lady in company, and should have been followed by the opening crash of the national anthem. But alas! not a sound responded to the appearance of his Lordship.

'What's this, what's this, eh? Is there no band?'

'Yes, my Lord,' tremblingly replied C——; 'the band of the 117th regiment.'

'Why do n't they play? Go and see. These men are sadly drilled, I fear,' blandly remarked his Excellency to the pretty Mrs. P——.

'The aide-de-camp returned. He actually looked pale with horror.

'Well, well, why do n't they play?'

'They have not brought their instruments.'

'Not brought their instruments! Stupid fools! Tell them to go instantly and fetch them; and if they are not back in half-an-hour I'll have them all punished. Here, you, Sir, you band-master, do you hear what I'm saying? Quick!'

'Please your Excellency, I can't.'

'And why? Do you presume to bandy words with me?'

'No, my Lord; but ——'

'I'll have no buts. Be off, Sir, directly, and fetch your instruments. What could Colonel S—— mean by sending the band here like a parcel of sticks? I don't want the men — I want the music.'

'Please you, my Lord, I was ordered to say, the men of the band are under your Lordship's command, and attend according to orders. But the instruments belong to the officers, who purchased them by subscription out of their own pockets, and they refuse to lend them to you.'

'What!' roared the irritated Governor-General.

'It's not my fault, Sir,' ejaculated the poor band-master.

'We shall not paint the anger of the great man, or the joy of the officers at finding they had fully succeeded in conferring the 'retort courteous' on the proudest, the haughtiest man that ever landed in Bengal.'

—
THERE are many lyrics about the war afloat in these days: let us say that the following, by HENRY P. LELAND, is not among the worst:

WE HAVE SEEN OUR LAST DEFEAT!

—
BY HENRY PERRY LELAND.

'SOLDIERS: We have had our last retreat. We have seen our last defeat. You stand by me, and I will stand by you, and henceforth victory will crown our efforts.' — GEN. McCLELLAN'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY, SEPT. 10, 1861.

THE morning-red is gleaming
That proclaims the brilliant day
When our flag in victory streaming
Shall see Treason dead for aye.
God will save our native land,
When we stand hand in hand,
We have beat our last retreat,
WE HAVE SEEN OUR LAST DEFEAT!

There were traitors in our camp,
Plotting treason every day,
But McCLELLAN made them tramp —
Sharp and short, too, is his way.
And the London *Times* shall say:
'Our reporter lies each day;
They *have* beat their last retreat —
THEY HAVE SEEN THEIR LAST DEFEAT!

Then the Prophet of the *Times*,
 Who disgraces Irish blood,
 Shall suffer for his crimes
 And shall grovel in the mud.
 Returning whence he came,
 With a bruised and battered name,
 He shall beat a swift retreat,
 With a JOHN BULL's Run defeat!

Though our brows may burn for shame,
 For the battle of Bull Run,
 While we curse a traitor's name,
 Yet we boldly bless the son
 Who from Pennsylvania soil
 Sprang to labor and to toil,
 And repeats: 'No more defeat,
 We have beat our last retreat!'

Brief our songs when gleam the swords;
 Let us pray God save the right,
 May the man of deeds' short words
 Find acceptance in THY sight.
 And while our hearts shall beat,
 May we bless him and repeat:
 'We have beat our last retreat —
 WE HAVE SEEN OUR LAST DEFEAT!'

September 12th, 1861.

Let us hope that this will prove true! - - - '*Samuel Hallett and Company's American Circular of Finance, Banking, Commerce, and Rail-Road Transactions*,' is one of the best and most comprehensive journals of the kind published in this city. Its credit at home is indicated by the fact, that all our daily newspapers, on 'steamer-days' for Europe, copy entire its opening *résumé* of financial, internal improvement, and trade operations; while in Great Britain it is a recognized and acknowledged faithful and reliable expositor of American Trade, Commerce, Finance, and Internal Improvements. Its statistical tables are admirably arranged, and beautifully printed; and some idea may be gathered of the variety of its contents, from the annexed summary of the subjects of the number for September, now before us: 'National Finances; our Ability to Pay; 'Share and Money-Market; 'New-York Bank Statement for September; 'American Rail-Road List,' with 'Description of Securities,' and 'Amount of Interest; Federal, State and City Securities,' including 'State-Loans,' 'City Loans,' and 'County Loans; 'Population, Wealth, Debts, and Property of the States in 1850 and 1860, respectively; 'together with a 'Rail-Road Share List, including Mileage, Rolling-Stock, Cost of Property, Last Year's Earnings,' etc. This 'Circular' is issued from the well-known banking-house of MESSRS. SAMUEL HALLETT AND COMPANY, Number 58 Beaver-street, and can be had on every European steamer-day, by American correspondents with England. - - - Now, more than ever, is the time for the country to appreciate the need of physical education for the young. A school without a gymnasium and calisthenic teaching, no matter how abundantly it cultivates the intellect, is less than half a school, and parents are rapidly finding this out. It is therefore not without pleasure that we have learned of the success of the good cause in Boston, and read the recent very copious account of the first Commencement Exercises of Dr. LEWIS's Normal Institute for Physical Education, (incorporated last spring,) which took place at the Hall of the Institute, Number 20 Essex-street, on the fifth of September. Among those who delivered speeches on this occasion were C. C. FELTON, Presi-

dent of Harvard College, EDMUND QUINCY, and many other solid men of Boston ; the whole being enlivened by the gymnastic exercises, in which eight ladies and five gentlemen took place ; the whole, as we are informed, 'presenting the most gratifying evidence of the fidelity and thoroughness with which they had been trained.' Success to Dr. LEWIS ! Gentlemen or ladies who would do real *good* in this world — as much as any doctors — and would learn a calling whose practitioners are every day in more request, should qualify themselves to become teachers at the Normal Physical Institute. No better institution exists. - - - COL. COLUMN has a French friend, who is of the critical persuasion, and occasionally exercises himself somewhat in literature. The Colonel wrote a poem. The poem began with the words :

'Oh ! rage, oh ! rage, ye wintry winds.'

'Ah ! my friend ! how much superb is that line,' said the Frenchman. 'How *vary* moch superb ! See then. *Oh ! rage* — zat is good Engleesh for ze multitude — and zen it is French for one storm. Sare, et ees not every man who is cap-able of one such poeme !' And the Colonel brought out his segars and 'fumed himself into reflection.' - - - THE '*Rockland Academy : Boarding and Day-School for Young Ladies and Gentlemen*,' at Piermont, on the Hudson, is an excellent institution, of which we have already spoken, in terms of deserved praise, in these pages. We have had occasion, from personal observation, to *know* that all which is promised in the circular of Mr. G. I. CRAWFORD, the Principal, (so abundantly indorsed by the very highest authorities in this metropolis,) is amply redeemed in the management of the school. The improvement manifested in a little boy and girl whom we wot of, under the care of Mr. CRAWFORD, and his accomplished Vice-Principal, Miss MITCHELL, as well as of many other children, who have enjoyed, and profited by the same advantages, renders it almost a duty for us to say, that we know of no High School of Instruction superior to the '*Rockland Academy*' of Mr. CRAWFORD, at Piermont-on-Hudson. - - - The Philadelphia *North-American* recently presented its readers with a stirring lyric on the Bull-Run Retreat, by GEORGE H. BOKER, and we find in a copy of the *Evening Bulletin* of the same city another address from the same pen, '*Ad Poetas*,' summoning, in a stirring measure, all our bards to sing arms, and the men who fight well for their country. Truly enough, though :

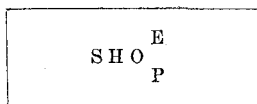
'T is not for all like Norman Tailleferre
To sing before the warlike horde,
Our fathers' glories, the great trust we bear,
And strike with harp and sword ;

'Nor yet to frame a lay whose moving rhyme
Shall flow in music North and South,
And fill with passion to the end of time
The nation's choral mouth.'

Still many a lay may be written which will do good service, so that

— 'MANY a soldier on his gory bed,
May turn himself with lessened pain,
And bless you for the tender words you said,
Now singing in his brain.'

Sing of the war and the times, O poets ! and spare us for a brief season those sweet Lines to —, and Stanzas to the Moon. When sweet Peace, lily-crowned, is again with us, *then* you may move to milder measures. A vermillion edict. Obey ! - - - NEXT to the reigning WAR itself, and intimately connected with it, (especially, just at this time, in the eyes of 'calculating' Englishmen,) is the article of COTTON. Discussions as to its supply for England, from various parts of the Globe, fill the English journals ; and the doubts and fears connected therewith, form the 'staple' of near all the British comments upon our unfortunate and unnatural armed rebellion. Looking over a bundle of pamphlets, the other morning, we came across a '*Paper on the Growth, Trade, and Manufacture of Cotton,*' which was prepared at the request of the New-York Historical Society, and read before them, some nine years ago, by J. G. DUDLEY, Esq. The republication of this pamphlet, at this time, would supply an important desideratum. It is admirably written, and is in all respects the most interesting and comprehensive history of the Great Staple that we have ever encountered. In fact, from the first mention of cotton by HERODOTUS, and its use in Rome and Egypt, before CHRIST, down to the present era, every possible detail, and ramification of detail, of growth, culture, improvement in its use, are amply given, and in a style so attractive as to win at once the attention of the reader. We know of no treatise in its kind which would so well repay instant re-publication. - - - AN ingenious cobbler, in Steilacoom, (sweet name !) Washington Territory, managed to study out a plan to paint a sign for his shop, and save the expense of painting several letters. It is as follows :



The sign is characteristic of the proprietor, says the "*Puget Sound Herald*," who is known as a man of very few words, whose conversation rarely extends beyond monosyllables, and who is very provident of even these. - - - We should deem ourselves guilty of discourtesy should we fail to acknowledge the very general, earnest, and often enthusiastic comments which were elicited by our last number from our friends of the Press. Our political course has provoked much debate, but with rare exceptions, it has all been at least courteously expressed.